

Literary and Musical

## ENTERTAINMENT

—Under the auspices of—

### Classes Nos. 2 and 11,

—IN THE—

SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING

—OF THE—

Church of the Holy Apostles,

Tuesday Evening, February 26,

1878.

At 8 o'clock.

WARD PRINTER 20 N SIXTH ST

# PROGRAMME.

## PART FIRST.

1. PIANO SOLO—"Brillante."  
PROF. D. D. WOOD.
2. RECITATION—"New England Weather."—*Mark Twain*  
MR. WM. H. MCCOLLIN.
3. SOLO—"When the flowing tide comes in."  
*Millard*  
MISS MINNIE ROSS.
4. SOLO—"The Old Sexton."  
MR. S. PORTER.
5. SOLO—"Come in and shut the door."  
MISS A. RANKIN.
6. BALLAD—"Katie Lee and Willie Gray."  
*Whittier*  
MR. WM. H. MCCOLLIN.
7. SONG—"Grandfather's Clock."  
MRS. J. McCONNELL.

## PART SECOND.

1. PIANO SOLO—  
PROF. F. CAMPBELL.
2. "One hundred years from now."—(By request.)  
MR. WM. H. MCCOLLIN.
3. BALLAD—"Nancy Lee."  
MR. E. HARSHAW.
4. SOLO—"Serenade."  
MISS E. BATES.  
*Kulling*
5. RECITATION—"Adventures of a Mouse."  
MR. WM. H. MCCOLLIN.
6. LULLABY—"Oh, hush thee, my Baby."  
MISS MINNIE ROSS.  
*Please*
7. DUETT—"Gently sighs the breeze."  
MISS A. RANKIN AND MISS I. LAVIS.

# STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

AND

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

AT THE

### P. E. CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,

(SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING.)

Cor. Twenty-first and Christian Sts.,

WEDNESDAY EVE., JUNE 4, 1879.

#### VOCAL TALENT

MISS JOSEPHINE EYLES, Soprano.

MISS FANNIE KEIM, Contralto.

MR. W. W. GILCHRIST, Baritone.

MR. J. L. HOGAN, Basso.

MISS M. JOSIE MAREE, Pianist.

#### PROGRAMME

1. QUARTETTE, "The Summer Days." Barnby.
2. DUETT, "I live and love thee." Campana.  
MISS KEIM and MR. HOGAN.
3. SOLO FOR PIANO—Selected. MISS MAREE.
4. SOLO, "If doughty deeds." Sullivan.  
MR. GILCHRIST.
5. QUARTETTE, "A Shadow." Gollmick.
6. SOLO, Selected. MISS KEIM.

#### INTERMISSION.

1. QUARTETTE, "Drops of Rain." Lemmens.
2. PIANO SOLO, MISS MAREE.
3. SOLO, "Primrose." Pinsuti.  
MISS EYLES.
4. QUARTETTE, "Hail to the Chief." Bishop.
5. SOLO, "I fear no foe." Pinsuti.  
MR. HOGAN.
6. QUINTETTE, "Cradle Song." Smart.



ENTERTAINMENT

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM

Church of the Holy Apostles,

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1879,

8 O'CLOCK.

## Programme.

### PART I.

*Music*—Piano Solo.

*Recitation*—“High Tide,” - - - Miss ZENNIE TOMLINSON.

*Duett*—From “Trovatore,” - - - Mad. MIRELLÉ, Mr. ROBERTS.

*Tableaux*—“Oneonvanience of Single Life.”

*Solo*—“Casta Diva,” - - - - - Mad. MIRELLÉ.

*Tableaux*—“Raal Convanience.”

*Reading*—“Sheridan’s Ride,” - - - - - Mr. REINHART.

*Solo*—“Ye Merry, Merry Birds,” - - - Mrs. JOHN WILKINSON.

*Irish Courtesy*, - - - Mr. W. HAMILTON and Mr. RUDOLPH.

## Programme.

### PART II.

*Duett*—“When the Stars are Brightly Shining,”

Miss RANKIN and Miss BOND.

*Dialogue*—“Lady Teazel and Sir Peter,”  
Miss RICHARDSON and Mr. WHITE.

*Solo*—“Polonaise from Mignon,” - - - - - Miss THOMAS.

*Recitation*, - - - - - Mr. J. JOHNSON.

*Music*—“Mortgage on the Farm,” - - - Mr. and Mrs. WINNEMORE.

*Tableaux*—“A Game of Croquet.”

*Recitation*—“Yarn of the Nancy Bell,” - - - Mr. WHITE.

*Music*—Quartette—“Harvest Moon.”

Sunday School of the Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA.

## WELCOME SERVICE

TO THE

# RECTOR, REV. CHARLES D. COOPER

ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, 1881.

### I. DOXOLOGY.

"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW,  
PRAISE HIM ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW,  
PRAISE HIM ABOVE YE HEAVENLY HOST,  
PRAISE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST."

### 2. HYMN 277.

"I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD."

### 3. FIFTH SELECTION OF PSALMS.

PAGE 49.

### 4. READING OF SCRIPTURE.

### 5. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

PAGE 38.

### 6. CREED AND COLLECTS

### 7. HYMN 310.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

### 8. WELCOME ADDRESS.

INFANT DEPARTMENT,

MAIN SCHOOL, BIBLE CLASSES,

TEACHERS AND SUPERINTENDENT.

### 9. RECTOR'S RESPONSE.

### 10. HYMN 373.

"GO FORWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

### II. PRAYER.

### 12. HYMN 387.

"HARK! HARK, MY SOUL."

### 13. BENEDICTION.

*OFFICERS.*

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*President, ex officio,*  
*C. H. COOPER, D. D.*

*First Vice-President, ex officio,*  
*GEO. C. THOMAS.*

*Second Vice-President,*  
*J. C. HATIE.*

*Third Vice-President,*  
*D. C. WILSON, Acting President.*

*Fourth Vice-President,*  
*J. CLENDENING.*

*Secretary,*  
*W. J. MacCARTER.*

*Treasurer,*  
*W. S. NEILL.*

*Editor,*  
*T. W. PATCHELL.*

*Librarian,*  
*I. T. DOUGLASS.*

*Autumn Reunion,*

*Thursday, Oct. 4, 1883.*

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*Young Men's*  
*Literary Association.*

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*Church of the Holy Apostles,*

*21st & Christian Streets.*

## Programme.

1. Opening according to the Constitution.
2. Overture, "Lutspiel," Orchestra
3. Address by the President,  
Mr. G. C. Wilson.
4. Piano Duet,  
Misses Bond and Swing.
5. Critic's Report,  
Mr. J. C. Hatie.
6. Solo,  
Mr. C. F. Stiles.
7. Recitation,  
Mr. Thos. Wilson.
8. Piano Solo,  
Miss Susie Platt.
9. Oration, "Education,"  
Mr. G. D. Chiswick.
10. Humorous Reading,  
Mr. T. W. Patchell.
11. Oration, "Education as a Means of Success,"  
Mr. W. J. MacCarter.
12. Solo,  
Mr. W. McWade.
13. Oration, "Elocution,"  
Mr. W. H. Bright.

## Programme.

1. *Overture, "Secret Love,"* - - - - - *Orchestra*

2. *Editor's Journal,* - - - - - *Mr. T. W. Patchell.*

3. *Reading, "Ticket o'Leave,"* - - - - - *Mr. J. Clendenning.*

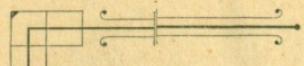
4. *Solo,* - - - - - *Mr. R. G. Rankin.*

5. *Reading,* - - - - - *Mr. W. McWade.*

6. *Presentation of Prizes by Judges,* - - - - -  
*Messrs. W. R. Chapman, E. Burt,*  
*H. Sinnamon.*

7. *Debate,*  
*Resolved: "That Co-operative Systems*  
*have done more for the Mechanic than*  
*Trades Unions."*  
*Affirmative:* - - - - - *Negative:*  
*Mr. W. H. Bright, Mr. D. C. Wilson,*  
*Mr. W. S. Neill, Mr. J. C. Hatie.*

8. *Galop, "Bendorbrek,"* - - - - - *Orchestra*



# ENTERTAINMENT \*

*Under the Auspices of the*

## CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

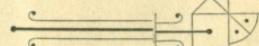
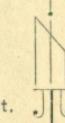
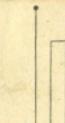
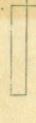
**IN AID OF THE ORGAN FUND**

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21st, 1884

Mr. GEO. F. BISHOP, Conductor.

Mr. ROWLAND V. MOTT, Pianist.

Miss JENNIE S. BOND, Organist.



\* Part First \*

1. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. . . . . THE CHOIR. . . . . MOZART'S 12TH MASS  
 2. PIANO SOLO. . . . . MR. MOTT.  
 3. TRIO, . . . . . "A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED"  
     MESSRS. BISHOP, HILL AND McWADE.  
 4. RECITATION, . . . . . LEGEND OF THE ORGAN BUILDER  
     MR. CLENDENNING.  
 5. SOPRANO SOLO, . . . . . MRS. WILKINSON. *Lieutenant in fancy* "ANNIE LAURIE"  
 6. BASS SOLO, . . . . . MR. McHENRY. "THY VOICE IS NEAR"  
 7. DUO (VOCAL), . . . . . MISSES PLATT AND BOND. "I HEARD A VOICE"  
 8. SOPRANO SOLO, . . . . . "WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN"  
     MRS. McCONNELL.  
 9. RECITATION, . . . . . SELECTED  
     MR. BRIGHT  
 10. SOPRANO SOLO, . . . . . "SUPPOSING"  
     MISS BRICE.  
 11. COUSIN JEDEDIAH, . . . . . THE CHOIR.

\* Part Second \*

# *Young Men's Literary Association*

Meets every Thursday Evening.

## **OFFICERS**

*President, Rev. C. D. COOPER.*

*1st Vice-President, GEO. C. THOMAS.*

*2d " JOS. C. HATIE.*

*3d " O. C. WILSON,*

*4th " J. CLEDENNING,*

*Secretary, W. McWADE.*

*Treasurer, W. S. NEILL.*

*Editor T. W. PATCHELL.*

*Librarian, I. T. DOUGLASS.*

## MUSICAL AND LITERARY

### ENTERTAINMENT,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

# *Young Men's Literary Association,*

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,

*January 17, 1884.*



WRIGHT'S ORCHESTRA,

MISS LIZZIE CLENDENNING, Reader.

MISS LAURA BRICE, Soprano.

MR. J. B. HILL, Tenor.

NEOSKEE Quartette.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

1. OVERTURE,	<i>Selected.</i>
2. READING,	<i>"Brier Rose."</i>
3. SOLO,	<i>"At Rest."</i>
4. READING,	<i>"The Foxes Tails, or Sandy MacDonald's signal."</i>
5. QUARTETTE,	<i>Selected,</i>
6. READING,	<i>"Jamie."</i>

PART II.

1. OVERTURE,	<i>Selected.</i>
2. SOLO,	<i>Selected.</i>
3. READING,	<i>"The Widow's Courtship."</i>
4. SOLO,	<i>Selected.</i>
5. READING,	<i>"Benediction."</i>
	<i>Francis Coppée.</i>
6. CHORUS,	<i>"Johnny Schmauker."</i>
7. QUARTETTE,	<i>"Good Night,"</i>

**PROGRAM.**

Musical & Literary Entertainment,

In Aid of the

Sunday School Library  
of

Holy Apostles P. L. Church,

21st & Christian Sts.,

Thursday Evening, October 30th, 1884.

Under the Auspices of the Library Committee.

## PROGRAM

### Part I.

—:O:—

1. DUO, PIANO,	SELECTED.
MISS MINTA SWING AND MISS JENNIE BOND.	
2. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MR. WM. PORTER.	
3. SOLO, SOPRANO,	SELECTED.
MISS BRICE.	
4. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MISS IMOGENE CHANDLER.	
5. QUARTETTE,	"COME WHERE THE LILLIES BLOOM."
MISS SUSIE PLATT AND MISS JENNIE BOND,	
MESSRS W. SCOTT AND S. PORTER.	
6. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MR. WM. PORTER.	
7. SOLO, SOPRANO,	"GOLDEN LOVE."
MISS SUSIE PLATT.	

## PROGRAM

### Part II.

—:O:—

1. DUO, PIANO,	SELECTED.
MISS MINTA SWING AND MISS JENNIE BOND.	
2. SOLO, SOPRANO,	SELECTED.
MRS. WILKINSON.	
3. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MISS IMOGENE CHANDLER.	
4. DUO, SOPRANO AND ALTO,	"FLY AWAY BIRDLING."
MISS SUSIE PLATT AND MISS JENNIE BOND.	
5. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MR. WM. PORTER.	
6. SOLO, TENOR,	"LOVE'S REQUEST."
MR. WM. SCOTT.	
7. RECITATION,	SELECTED.
MISS IMOGENE CHANDLER.	
8. QUARTETTE,	"WHIPPOORWILL SONG."
MISS SUSIE PLATT AND MISS JENNIE BOND,	
MESSRS W. SCOTT AND S. PORTER.	

— SUNDAY SCHOOL —  
Church of the Holy Apostles  
PHILADELPHIA.

Service of Welcome

TO  
**REV. HENRY S. GETZ,**

Assistant Rector and Teacher of Adult Bible Class,  
ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE,

Sunday Afternoon, September 23d, 1888.

HYMN.

"O bless the Lord, my soul."

O bless the Lord, my soul,  
His grace to thee proclaim;  
And all that is within me, join  
To bless His holy Name.  
  
O bless the Lord, my soul,  
His mercies bear in mind;  
Forget not all His benefits,  
Who is to Thee so kind.  
  
He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;

He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.  
He feeds thee with His love,  
Upholds thee with His truth;  
And, like the eagle's, he renews  
The vigor of Thy youth.  
  
Then bless the Lord, my soul,  
His grace, His love proclaim;  
Let all that is within me, join  
To bless His holy Name.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

REPLY.

BY REV. MR. GETZ.

HYMN.

"Blessed be the tie that binds."

Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of Christ's own minds  
Like to that above,  
Abide our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.  
  
We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each others flow  
The sympathizing tear.  
When we must part,  
Not in this world's, our pain;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.  
  
From sorrows, oil, and pain,  
And we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. W. B. FRENCH.

HYMN.

"Hark! hark! my soul!"

Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are  
swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's  
wavebeat shore:  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains  
are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no  
more.  
  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of  
the night.  
Onward we go, for still we hear them  
singing.  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come."  
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening  
pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land  
and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands weekly  
stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps  
to thee.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.  
  
Rest comes at length; though life be long  
and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome  
night be past;  
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will  
come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragements of the songs  
above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of  
weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims  
of the night.

PRAYER & BENEDICTION.

70  
32  
02

Offering for the Episcopal Hospital.

**H Y D N.**

On Our Way Rejoicing.

ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Harken to our praises, O Thou God of love!  
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!  
Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee!  
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,  
Harken to our praises, O Thou God of love!  
If with honest-hearted love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,  
Thou who giv'st the seed-time w<sup>ll</sup> give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessing, f<sup>r</sup> the heart with peace.  
On our way rejoicing, &c.

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!  
Christ without, ou. safety, Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?  
On our way rejoicing, &c.  
Unto God, the Father, joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God, the Saviour, thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God, the Spirit, bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing now and evermore.  
On our way rejoicing, &c. Amen.

L<sup>C</sup>NEDICTION.



## SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES

OF THE

# Church of the Holy Apostles,

PHILADELPHIA.

## ANNUAL THANKSGIVING

AND

# Harvest \* Home \* Service.

Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 21, 1886.

(Preceding Thanksgiving Day, November 25th.)

730

HYMN.

Lord of the Harvest.

Old Hundred  
99

ORD of the Harvest ! Thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
The varying seasons hasten their round ;  
With goodness all our years are crowned.

When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain.

Doxology.

LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES.

Selection from Psalm 117.

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God : yea a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

2 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

3 He healeth those that are broken in heart : and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

4 He telleth the number of the stars : and calleth them all by their names.

5 Great is our Lord, and great is his power : yea, and His wisdom is infinite.

6 The Lord setteth up the meek : and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

7 O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving : sing praises unto the harp, unto our God.

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth and maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men.

9 Who giveth fodder unto the cattle : and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear.

Lord of the Harvest ! all is Thine ;  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound.

Psalm 150.

O PRAISE God in His holiness : praise  
Him in the firmament of His power.

2 Praise Him in his noble acts : praise Him  
according to His excellent greatness.

3 Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet :  
praise Him upon the lute and the harp.

4 Praise him in the cymbals and dances :  
praise Him upon the strings and pipe.

5 Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals :  
praise him upon the loud cymbals.

6 Let every thing that hath breath : praise  
the Lord.

*Gloria in Excelsis.*

407

LESSON.

Benedic Anima Mea. 269

CREED AND COLLECTS.

HYMN.

Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

Joplin 251

PRAISE to God, immortal praise  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ :  
All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews,  
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
All the plenty Summer pours,  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hand hath blessed,  
May we give Thee of our best ;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove ;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

Addresses.

HYMN.

Romaine 309  
We plough the Fields and Scatter.

WE plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered.  
By God's almighty hand ;  
He sends the snow in Winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far :  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star ;

The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed :  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Days of Intercession for Sunday Schools,  
Sunday, Oct. 20th, and Monday, Oct. 21st.*

*The Holy Communion will be celebrated at  
the Church of the Holy Apostles, Sunday,  
Oct. 20th, at 9.30 A. M., for the Officers,  
Teachers and Substitutes of the Church and  
Memorial Chapel Schools.*

*The attendance of every one is earnestly  
desired.*

*Monday Evening, Oct. 21st, Teachers' Meet-  
ing, under the auspices of the Sunday School  
Association of the Diocese, Church of the  
Advent, York Avenue and Buttonwood Street.  
The Bishop will preside*

• SUNDAY SCHOOLS • and • BIBLIC CLASSES •

OF THE

Church of the Holy Apostles  
AND  
Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion

PHILADELPHIA.

St. Luke's Day,  
Friday Evening, October 18th, 1889

Special Service

FOR THE

Officers, Teachers and Older Scholars,  
preparatory to the days of inter-  
cession for Sunday Schools

# ORDER

## Hymn No. 237.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray :  
Take all my guilt away :  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.

## Opening Prayer.

THE RECTOR.

## Reading of Scripture.

REV. W. F. AYER.

## Address—The Teacher's Office and Responsibility.

THE RECTOR.

## Address—The Teacher's Storehouse, the Bible.

MR. W. M. RUNK.

## Prayer.

MR. HOWARD S. JANNEY

## Address—The Teacher's Manual, the Prayer Book.

THE ASSISTANT RECTOR.

## Hymn No. 271.

"Unto every one of us is given grace; according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

Father of Mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for Thee;  
Successful pleaders may they be.

How great their work, how vast their charge!  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
Their best acquirements are our gain;  
We share the blessings they obtain.

Clothe, then, with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be Thine;  
To Them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed,  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
Souls that will well reward their pain.

## Address—The Teacher's Private Devotions.

MR. W. S. NEILL.

## Prayer.

MR. SIMON PORTER.

## Address—The Teacher's Object.

REV. W. F. AYER.

## Address—The Teacher's Difficulties and Encouragements.

MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS.

## Hymn No. 434.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

Jesus, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hearest my prayer :  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do—  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

Give me a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill :  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Ready to take up and sustain  
The consecrated cross.

Give me a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name ;  
Give me a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.

I rest upon Thy word  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

## Prayer and Benediction.

THE ASSISTANT RECTOR.

(The above addresses will be strictly limited to five minutes each).

ENTERTAINMENT  
FOR  
THE BENEFIT OF THE ENDOWMENT FUND  
OF THE  
CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Thursday Evening, April 9th, 1891, at 7.45 P. M.

## PROGRAMME

### PART I.

I. PIANO DUETT - - Miss Jennie S. Bond and Miss May Porter  
II. THE MUSES - L'ALLEGRO - - - - Miss Adele Y. Cobb  
IL PENSERO SO - - - - Miss Margaret Chapman  
SCHOOL MARM - - - - Miss Tillie Patton  
The Misses Sophie Thomas, Edith Knox, Irene S. Hunter, Lillie Haskell,  
Sadie Wheeler, Marion Leighton, Lizzie MacPherson,  
Annie McCauley, Mrs. Harry Hall  
MESSENGER BOY - - - - - Henderson Smith  
III. SONG - - - - - Miss Lizzie Adams  
IV. TAMBOURINE DRILL - - - - The Misses Edith M. Sergeson  
Mamie M. Potter, Ethel Thomas, Lizzie Adams, May E. Sergeson,  
Theo. C. Knauff, Maggie Quigley, Maggie Wilson, Hattie Ufford,  
Lottie Gray, Anna S. Melvine, Lizzie Weckesser  
V. THE CONVENTION OF REALISTIC READERS - Miss Maude A. Cobb  
The Misses Kate J. Baumann, May Porter, Lizzie T. Platt, Adele Y. Cobb  
Carrie M. Potter, Sadie H. Sergeson, Bella S. Donaldson,  
Bessie Haskell, Bessie Lavender, M. Ada Chapman  
VI. PIANO SOLO - - - - - Miss Irene Kyle  
VII. SONG Peter Gray.  
Mrs. Harry Hall, Mrs. Harry Heaps and the Misses Jennie Scott,  
May Porter, Theo C. Knauff, Celia H. Patterson, Lizzie Adams,  
Edith M. Sergeson, Emma Slater, Luara Davis, Jeanne Erskine,  
Henrietta R. Keston

### PART II.

VIII. VIOLIN and PIANO - - - - Messrs Fred Mathers and T. L. Brown  
IX. A FANCY - The Misses M. Ada Chapman, May Porter, Maude A. Cobb  
Jennie Litchfield, Carrie Varley, Carrie M. Potter, Annie McCauley,  
Maggie Robinson, Irene S. Hunter, Gertrude S. Chapman  
X. SONG and TABLEAU | TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST - - - - Mrs. H. Hall  
| BREAKING THE HOME TIES  
The Misses Charlotte Wheeler, Irene Kyle, Ethel Crawford,  
Mrs. Harry Heaps, Messrs E. Burt, John M. Mathers, B. Janney  
XI. RECITATION and TABLEAU | THE EASTER ANGEL - - - - Miss Bessie Haskell  
| " " " " - - - - Miss Bertha H. Irving  
XII. READING and TABLEAU | THE LOVERS ERRAND - - - - Miss Adele Y. Cobb  
| WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?  
3 parts Miss Bella Robinson, Mr. Walter C. Burt  
XIII. TABLEAU EASTER LILIES Miss Nellie Porter  
XIV. READING and TABLEAU | ABOU BEN ADHEM Miss Kate J. Baumann  
| " " " " Mr. E. Adams  
Miss Bertha H. Irving  
XV. SOMETHING FOR YOU TO GUESS - - - - A class of Boys

WE ARE INDEBTED TO MISS GRACE C. BELL FOR HER  
EARNEST LABOR AND GREAT INTEREST IN THE PREPARATION  
OF THIS ENTERTAINMENT.

## PRAYER.

### HYMN 345.

345

"Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

The sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resign'd.

So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live.

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,

Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

## BENEDICTION.

### Church of the Holy Apostles.

#### SERVICES DURING LENT.

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M. Wednesday and Friday Evenings, 8 o'clock.  
Good Friday, 10.30 A.M., 8 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M. Teachers' Meeting, Fridays, after Service.  
Young Women's Guild, Tuesday Evenings.  
Boys' Guild, Monday Evenings.

St. Andrews' Brotherhood, Fourth Tuesday Evening in the month.  
Devotional Meeting every Sunday Morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Guild Room.

Rector's Confirmation Class, Thursday Evenings.  
Confirmation, Sunday Evening, March 8th.  
Mothers' Meeting, Thursday, 2.30 P.M.  
Women's Missionary Society, Tuesday Evenings.

### Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion,

Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M. Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.  
Wednesdays, 8 P. M.

The Lenten Cards of Service contain full particulars, and may be had on application.

Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia

FIRST

Special Lenten Service

Sunday Evening

February 22d

1891

# Hutchins. Hymn.

## HYMN 218.

"I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed."

Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star;  
'T is midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun;

He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;  
And O may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

Service as found in the Prayer Book and on the Cards.

Glo P 219 old  
Benedic - 269 old

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"I will lay me down in peace."

## HYMN.

(From the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.)

"For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."—Ps. xxv. 11.

No; not despairingly  
Come I to Thee:  
No; not distrustingly  
Bend I the knee  
Sin hath gone over me,  
Yet is this still my plea,  
Jesus hath died.

Lord, I confess to Thee  
Sadly my sin;  
All I am tell I Thee,  
All I have been.  
Purge Thou my sin away,  
Wash Thou my soul this day,  
Lord make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou,  
Forgiving all;  
Loving and kind art Thou,  
When poor ones call;  
Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light  
This soul within;  
Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
The loved unseen.  
Leaning on Thee, my God,  
Guided along the road  
Nothing between.

## ADDRESS.

## HYMN.

(From the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.)

"Without me ye can do nothing."—JOHN xv, 5.

I could not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
Whose precious blood redeem'd me  
At such tremendous cost:  
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My Glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And perfect strength in weakness  
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

I could not do without Thee:  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange deep longings,  
Interpreting its need;  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

I could not do without Thee,  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be pass'd;  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, "It is I."

## ADDRESS.

## HYMN.

(From the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.)

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."—1 JOHN ii, 1.

392 4  
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving lovest them to the end;  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting place,  
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away;  
O say Thou plead'st for me.

CHURCH OF HOLY APOSTLES

Twenty-first and Christian Streets.

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A WEEK

—OF—

# Garnest Lenten Preaching

---

*February 16th to 20th*

*1891*

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, P.M.

---

HYMNS AND PSALTER

FOR THE SEVERAL DAYS.

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Offertory every evening, for the Protestant Episcopal City Mission

*(Monday Evening, February 16th.)*

**HYMN 392.**

*"To whom shall we go but unto Thee?"*

Just as I am,—without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

**HYMN 391.**

*"I will put thee in a clift of the rock."*

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

**HYMN 443.**

*"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."*

In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;  
When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

**PSALTER.**

**SELECTION FIRST.**

Psalm I. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly; nor stood in the way of sinners; and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the water side; that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment: neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm xv. *Dominie, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill.

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour: and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly

Psalm xci.

Who so dwelleth under the defence of the Most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold: my God, in him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the ungodly.

in his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury: nor taken reward against the innocent.

Who so doeth these things: shall never fall.

*Qui haitat.*

For thou Lord, art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him: yea I am with him in trouble: I will deliver him and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him: and show him my salvation.

OFFERTORY.

**ANTHEM** — "Lord we pray Thee that Thy grace may always prevent and follow us."

SERMON BY REV. ADDISON B. ATKINS, D.D.,

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

*Tuesday Evening, February 17th,*

HYMN 528.

"He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream:  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright;  
I look to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till traveling days are done.

HYMN 521.

"Lovedst thou me?"

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
Say, poor sinner, lovedst thou me?

I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovedst thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

## HYMN 514.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress'd?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His gurdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

## PSALTER.

### SELECTION FIFTH.

Psalm xxvi. *Judica me, Domine.*

Be thou my Judge O Lord, for I have walked innocently: my trust hath been also in the Lord, therefore shall I not fall.

Examine me O Lord, and prove me: try out my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is ever before mine eyes: and I will walk in thy truth.

I have not dwelt with vain persons: neither will I have fellowship with the deceitful.

I have hated the congregation of the wicked: and will not sit among the ungodly.

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord: and so will I go to thine altar.

That I may show the voice of thanksgiving: and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house: and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

O shut not up my soul with the sinners: nor my life with blood thirsty;

In whose hands is wickedness: and their right hand is full of gifts.

But as for me, I will walk innocently; O deliver me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth right: I will praise the Lord in the congregations.

Psalm xlvi. *Judica me, Deus.*

Give sentence with me O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

For thou art the God of my strength, why hast thou put me from thee: and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

Send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God my God.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm cxli. *Domine, clamavi.*

Lord I call upon thee; haste thee unto me: and consider my voice, when I cry unto thee.

Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.

O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.

Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.

But let not their precious balms break my

head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.

Let their judges be overthrown in stony places: that they may hear my words; for they are sweet.

Our bones lie scattered before the pit: like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth.

But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust; O cast not out my soul.

Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"I will arise and go to my Father."

SERMON BY REV. WILBUR F. WATKINS, D.D.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, WEST PHILADELPHIA.

Wednesday Evening, February 18th,

HYMN 393.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd;  
All my help from Thee I bring:  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 394.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

Jesus, my Saviour! look on me.  
For I am weary and oppress'd;  
I come to cast myself on thee:  
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewilder'd on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send thou forth some cheering ray:  
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

HYMN 67.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins."

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in,  
But there no evil thing may find a home:  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me, day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
'Repent, confess thou shalt be loosed from all.'

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
And his the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward:  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden  
crown,  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

PSALTER.

SELECTION SIXTH.

Psalm xxxii.

Beati, quorum.

mkest be found: but in the great water-floods  
they shall not come nigh him.

Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt  
preserve me from trouble: thou shalt compass  
me about with songs of deliverance.

I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way  
wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee  
with mine eye.

Be ye not like to horse and mule which have  
no understanding: whose mouths must be held  
with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but  
whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy  
embraceth him on every side.

Be glad O ye righteous, and rejoice in the  
Lord: and be joyful all ye that are true of heart.

Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is for-  
given: and whose sin is covered,

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord im-  
puteth no sin: and in whose spirit there is no  
guile.

For whilst I held my tongue: my bones con-  
sumed away through my daily complaining.

For thy hand is heavy upon me day and  
night: and my moisture is like the drought in  
summer.

I will acknowledge my sin unto thee: and  
mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my sins unto the Lord:  
and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly make  
his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou

## Psalm cxxx.

*De profundus.*

Out of the deep have I called unto thee O Lord: Lord hear my voice.  
 O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.  
 If thou Lord wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss; O Lord, who may abide it?  
 For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch; I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel trust in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy; and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins

Psalm cxxi. *Levavi oculos meos.*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.  
 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.  
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.  
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"There is a fountain filled with blood."

SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM M. JEFFERIS, D.D.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, PHILADA.

*Thursday Evening, February 19th,*

## HYMN 68.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

Christian! dost thou see them  
 On the holy ground,  
 How the powers of darkness  
 Rage thy steps around?  
 Christian! up and smite them,  
 Counting gain but loss;  
 In the strength that cometh  
 By the holy cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,  
 How they work within,  
 Striving, tempting, luring,  
 Goading into sin?  
 Christian! never tremble;  
 Never be down-cast;  
 Gird thee for the battle,  
 Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,  
 How they speak thee fair?  
 "Always fast and vigil?"  
 Always watch and prayer?"  
 Christian! answer boldly:  
 "While I breathe I pray!"  
 Peace shall follow battle,  
 Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,  
 O my servant true;  
 Thou art very weary,  
 I was weary too;  
 But that toil shall make thee  
 Some day all mine own,  
 And the end of sorrow  
 Shall be near my throne."

## HYMN 386.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their memory from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin:  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight:

Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.

A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

O may Thy love inspire my tongue!  
 Salvation shall be all my song:  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## HYMN 10.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

O Jesus, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear:  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep him standing there.

O Jesus, thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scar'd,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marr'd:

O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

## PSALTER.

### SELECTION EIGHTH.

Psalm li. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

Have mercy upon me O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again: and establish me with thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

Thou shalt open my lips O Lord: and my mouth shall show thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm xlii. *Quemadmodum.*

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself: for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God.

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving: among such as keep holy day.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan and the little hill of Hermon.

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water pipes: all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time: and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword: while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;

Namely, while they say daily unto me: Where is now thy God?

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"O taste and see how gracious is the Lord."

SERMON BY REV. SIDNEY CORBETT, D.D.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, PHILADA.

# Friday Evening, February 20th,

## HYMN 399.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."  
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,

By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;  
That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the Cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

## HYMN 53.

"In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."

Saviour, when in dust to Thee,  
Low we bow th' adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;  
O, by all Thy pains and woe,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,  
By Thy human griefs and fears,  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy conflict with despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Here our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save;  
Mighty Cod, ascended Lord,  
To Thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

## HYMN 63.

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die.

## THE LITANY.

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"O Saviour of the World."

SERMON BY REV. FLEMING JAMES, D.D.,  
PROFESSOR IN DIVINITY SCHOOL, WEST PHILADELPHIA.

## SERVICES DURING LENT.

Every Wednesday and Friday Evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Confirmation, Sunday Evening, March 8th.

Rector's Class meets after service, Thursday Evening, February 19th, and Thursday Evenings, February 26th and March 5th, at 8 o'clock.

St. Andrew's Brotherhood Meeting, Tuesday Evening, February 24th, and Devotional Meeting, every Sunday, at 10 A. M.

Teachers' Meeting, for lesson study, every Friday Evening, after the service in the church.

**Not to be taken away until after the Service on Friday Evening.**

*Bishop.* Our help is in the Name of the Lord;

*Answer.* Who hath made heaven and earth.

*Bishop.* Blessed be the Name of the Lord;

*Answer.* Henceforth world without end.

Almighty and everliving God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by Water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; Strengthen we, beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter and

¶ Then all of them in order kneeling before the Bishop, he shall lay his hands upon the head of one severally, saying,

Defend, O Lord, this thy Child [or, thy servant] with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom. A

¶ Then shall the Bishop say,

The Lord be with you.

*Answer.* And with thy spirit.

¶ And all kneeling down, the Bishop shall add,

Let us pray.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ And these Collects.

Almighty and everliving God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are good, and acceptable unto thy Divine Majesty; We make our humble supplications unto thee for these thy servants, upon whom, after the example of thy holy Apostles, we have now laid our hands, to certify them, by this sign, of thy favour and gracious goodness towards

them. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, be over them; let thy Holy Spirit ever be with and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, that in the end they may obtain ever life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever God, world without end. Amen.

O Almighty Lord, and everlasting God, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern, both our hearts and bodies, in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments; that, through thy

most mighty protection, both here and ever, be preserved in body and soul; through our Lord Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

¶ Then the Bishop shall bless them, saying thus,

The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be upon you, and remain with you for ever. Amen.

¶ And there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed to be ready and desirous to be Confirmed.

Address by the RT. REV. O. W. WHITAKER, D. D., Bishop of Pennsylvania  
To those who have been confirmed, standing before him.

#### HYMN 237.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray:  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen dream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.

#### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

The Rector desires to see all who are confirmed, this evening, in the Guild Room, at the close of the Service in the Church.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA

## Evening \* Prayer

- - AND - -

## Confirmation

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

March 8th, 1891, at 7.45 P.M.

# \* \* \* ORDER OF SERVICE \* \* \*

## HYMN 245.

*"O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in thee."*

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where thou, enthroned in glory, shov'st  
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire  
To view thy blesst above;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee,  
Their sure protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
And still approach more near;  
Till all on Sion's holy mount  
Before their God appear.

For God, who is our sun and shield,  
Will grace and glory give;  
And no good thing will he withhold  
From them that justly live.

Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How highly bless'd is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,  
Are still reposed on thee!

## Opening Sentences, General Confession, Declaration of Absolution, Lord's Prayer, etc.

### PSALTER FOR THE EIGHTH DAY.

#### EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm xli. *Beatus qui intelligit.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

The Lord preserve him, and keep him alive, that he may be blessed upon earth; and deliver not thou him into the will of his enemies.

The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness.

I said, Lord, be merciful unto me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.

Mine enemies speak evil of me, when shall he die, and his name perish?

And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity, and his heart conceiveth falsehood within himself; and when he cometh forth, he telleth it.

All mine enemies whisper together against me; even against me do they imagine this evil.

Psalm xliii. *Quemadmodum.*

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God; when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself; for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God;

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving, among such as keep holy-day.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me; therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.

Psalm xliii. *Judica me, Deus.*

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people; O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

For thou art the God of my strength, why hast thou put me from thee? and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppreßeth me?

O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

Let the sentence of guiltiness proceed against him; and now that he liveth, let him rise up no more.

Yea, even mine own familiar friend whom I trusted, who also did eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me.

But be thou merciful unto me, O Lord; raise thou me up again, and I shall reward thee.

By this I know thou favourest me, that mine enemy doth not triumph against me.

And when I am in my health, thou upholdest me, and shalt set me before thy face for ever.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, world without end. *Amen.*

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes; all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time; and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppreßeth me?

My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword, while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth.

Namely, while they say daily unto me, Where is now thy God?

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God; for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

And that I may go unto altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness; and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

### FIRST LESSON—DANIEL VI.

*Bonum est confiteri. Psalm xcii.*

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy Name, O Most Highest; To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night-season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

### SECOND LESSON—PHILIPPIANS. I.

*Deus misericatur. Psalm lxvii.*

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad; for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase; and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

*Gloria Patri.*

### CREED AND COLLECTS.

### OFFERTORY.

### ANTHEM—"Send forth Thy light and Thy truth."

### HYMN 235.

*"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."*

During the singing of this hymn, the candidates for confirmation are requested to come forward to the chancel.

O happy day, that stays my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him Who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.

Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;  
Who with the world grieve to part,  
When call'd on angel's food to feast?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

### THE ORDER OF CONFIRMATION,

OR LAYING ON OF HANDS UPON THOSE WHO ARE BAPTIZED, AND COME TO YEARS OF DISCRETION.

¶ Upon the day appointed, all that are to be then confirmed, being placed and standing in order before the Bishop; or some other Minister appointed by him, shall read this Preface following.

To the end that Confirmation may be ministered to the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order, That none shall be confirmed, but such as can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other Questions, as in the short Catechism are contained; which order is very convenient to be observed; to the end, that children,

being now come to the years of discretion, and having learned what their Godfathers and Godmothers promised to them in Baptism may themselves, with their own mouth and consent openly before the Church, ratify and confirm the same; and also promise that, by the grace of God, they will evermore endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such things, as they, by their own confession, have assented unto.

¶ Then the Minister shall present unto the Bishop those who are to be confirmed, and shall say,

Reverend Father in God, I present unto you these children [or these persons] to receive the Laying on of Hands.

¶ Then shall the Bishop say,

Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that ye made, or that was made in your name, at your Baptism; ratifying and confirming the same; and

acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all those things which ye then undertook, or your Sponsors then undertook for you?

¶ And every one shall audibly answer,

I do.

Church of the Holy Apostles,

Twenty-first and Christian Streets.



# Holy Week Services



March 23d to 28th,

1891,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.



The Service on Easter Even will be held in the Guild Room.

There will also be Service Good Friday Morning, at 10.30.



HYMNS AND PSALTER FOR THE SEVERAL DAYS.

## Monday Evening, March 23d.

### HYMN 76.

*"Who, when He had purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."*

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus;  
 Hail, Thou Galilean King;  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring!  
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame;  
 By Thy merit we find favor;  
 Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins were on Thee laid;  
 By Almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy Blood;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide,  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side;  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give!  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

### HYMN 458.

*"Lovest thou Me?"*

My God, I love Thee—not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby;  
 Nor yet because, if I love not,  
 I must forever die.

But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the Cross embrace;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace.

And grieves and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony,  
 E'en death itself; and all for me  
 Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
 Should I not love Thee well?  
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
 Or of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
 Not seeking a reward;  
 But as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

### HYMN 252.

*"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."*

When our heads are bowed with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
 Thou hast shed the human tear;  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls  
 For our own departing souls,  
 When our final doom is near,  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin,  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou, the shame, the grief, hast known,  
 Though the sins were not Thine own;  
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear,  
 Jesus, Son of Mary hear.

## THE FIFTH SELECTION OF PSALMS.

Psalm xxvi. *Judica me, Domine.*

Be thou my Judge, O Lord, for I have walked innocently: my trust hath been also in the Lord, therefore shall I not fall.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try out my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is ever before mine eyes; and I will walk in thy truth.

I have not dwelt with vain persons; neither will I have fellowship with the deceitful.

I have hated the congregation of the wicked; and will not sit among the ungodly.

I will wash my hands in innocence, O Lord; and so will I go to thine altar;

That I may show the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

O shut not up my soul with the sinners, nor my life with the blood-thirsty;

In whose hands is wickedness, and their right hand is full of gifts.

But as for me, I will walk innocently; O deliver me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth right: I will praise the Lord in the congregations.

Psalm xlvi. *Judica me, Deus.*

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people; O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.

For thou art the God of my strength, why hast thou put me from thee; and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness; and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm cxli. *Domine, clamavi.*

Lord, I call upon thee: haste thee unto me, and consider my voice, when I cry unto thee.

Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.

O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing; let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.

Let the righteous rather smite me friendly, and reprove me.

But let not their precious balms break my

head; yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.

Let their judges be overthrown in stony places, that they may hear my words; for they are sweet.

Our bones lie scattered before the pit, like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth.

But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God; in thee is my trust; O cast not out my soul.

Keep me from the snare that they had laid for me, and from the traps of the wicked doers.

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together, and let me ever escape them.

*Tuesday Evening, March 24th.*

HYMN 251.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's grief to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;

And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
"Father, Thy will be done."

Keep peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.

## HYMN 78.

*"The preaching of the Cross is unto us who are saved the power of God."*

We sing the praise of Him Who died,  
Of Him Who died upon the Cross:  
The sinner's hope let men deride:  
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see  
In shining letters, God is love:  
He bears our sins upon the tree:  
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross—it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;

It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.  
It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

## HYMN 380.

*"He healeth the broken in heart."*

When, wounded sore, the stricken soul,  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a pierced hand,  
Can heal the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden heart,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul, dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.  
'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that 's touch'd with all our joys,  
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!  
Unseal that cleansing tide:  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in Thy wounded side.

## THE FOURTEENTH SELECTION OF PSALMS.

Psalm cii. *Domine, exaudi.*

Hear my prayer, O Lord: and let my crying come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the time of my trouble: incline thine ear unto me when I call; O hear me, and that right soon.

For my days are consumed away like smoke: and my bones are burnt up as it were a firebrand.

My heart is smitten down, and withered like grass: so that I forget to eat my bread.

For the voice of my groaning: my bones will scarce cleave to my flesh.

I am become like a pelican in the wilderness: and like an owl that is in the desert.

I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow: that sitteth alone upon the house top.

Mine enemies revile me all the day long: and they that are mad upon me are sworn together against me.

For I have eaten ashes as it were bread: and mingled my drink with weeping.

And that, because of thine indignation and wrath: for thou hast taken me up, and cast me down.

My days are gone like a shadow: and I am withered like grass.

But thou O Lord shalt endure for ever: and thy remembrance throughout all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Sion: for it is time that thou have mercy upon her, yea the time is come.

And why? thy servants think upon her stones: and it pitieh them to see her in the dust.

The heathen shall fear thy Name O Lord: and all the kings of the earth thy Majesty.

When the Lord shall build up Sion: and when his glory shall appear.

When he turneth him unto the prayer of the poor destitute: and despiseth not their desire.

This shall be written for those that come after: and the people which shall be born shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from his sanctuary: out of the heaven did the Lord behold the earth.

That he might hear the mourning of such as are in captivity: and deliver the children appointed unto death.

That they may declare the Name of the Lord in Sion: and his worship at Jerusalem.

When the people are gathered together: and the kingdoms also to serve the Lord.

He brought down my strength in my journey: and shortened my days.

But I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of mine age: as for thy years they endure throughout all generations.

Thou Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment;

And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

The children of thy servants shall continue: and their seed shall stand fast in thy sight.

*Wednesday Evening, March 25th.*

**HYMN 63.**

*"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."*

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die.

By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

**HYMN 53.**

*"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."*

Saviour, when in dust to Thee,  
Low we bow th' adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes :  
O by all Thy pains and woe,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,  
By Thy human griefs and fears,  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy conflict with despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the purple robe of scorn ;  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,  
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save ;  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To Thy throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

**HYMN 396.**

*"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."*

For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
"For me the Saviour died."

My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin !  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make thus Thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy Blood apply,  
Till faith in sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul is love.

**THE SEVENTEENTH SELECTION OF PSALMS.**

Psalm cxxiii. *Ad te levavi oculos meos.*

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes : O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress : even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us O Lord, have mercy upon us : for we are utterly despised.

Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy : and with the despitefulness of the proud.

Psalm cxxiv. *Nisi quia Dominus.*

If the Lord himself had not been on our side, now may Israel say: If the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us;

They had swallowed us up quick: when they were so wrathfully displeased at us.

Yea, the waters had drowned us: and the stream had gone over our soul.

The deep waters of the proud: had gone even over our soul.

But praised be the Lord: who hath not given us over for a prey unto their teeth.

Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are delivered.

Our help standeth in the Name of the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

Psalm cxxv. *Qui confidunt.*

They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion: which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever.

The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the Lord round about his people, from this time forth for ever more.

For the rod of the ungodly cometh not into

the lot of the righteous: lest the righteous put their hand unto wickedness.

Do well O Lord: unto those that are good and true of heart.

As for such as turn back unto their own wickedness: the Lord shall lead them forth with the evil doers, but peace shall be upon Israel

*Thursday Evening, March 26th.*

## HYMN 87.

*"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."*

O Sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame bowed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown.  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, hear I fall, my Saviour:  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.

Lord of my life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy Cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy Cross to me:  
And to my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

## HYMN 84.

*"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."*

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing,  
Mercy poured in streams of Blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie;  
Whilst I see divine compassion  
Beaming in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation  
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

## HYMN 86.

*"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."*

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgement hall ;  
View the Lord of life arraing'd ;  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pang His soul sustain'd !

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark the miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete ;  
"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

*Good Friday Morning, March 27th.*

## HYMN 85.

*"He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."*

'Tis finished ; so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed His head and died,  
'Tis finished : yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished : all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,  
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finished : Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore :  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis finished : this My dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone :  
Millions shall be redeemed from death,  
By this, My last expiring breath.

'Tis finished : heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled :  
Peace, love, and happiness, again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finished : let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round :  
'Tis finished : let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

## HYMN 231.

*"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."*

There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

## HYMN 89.

*"They crucified Him."*

O come and mourn with me awhile :  
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
O come, together let us mourn ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since Thou for us art crucified.

## PROPER PSALMS.

Psalm xxii. *Deus, Deus meus!*

My God! my God! look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me? and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not; and in the night-season also I take no rest. And thou continuest holy, O thou Worship of Israel.

Our fathers hoped in thee; they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

They called upon thee, and were holpen; they put their trust in thee, and were not confounded.

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man; a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

He trusted in God, that he would deliver him; let him deliver him, if he will have him.

But thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb; thou wast my hope, when I hanged yet upon my mother's breasts.

I have been left unto thee ever since I was born; thou art my God even from my mother's womb.

O go not from me; for trouble is hard at hand, and there is none to help me.

Many oxen are come about me; fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.

They gape upon me with their mouths, as it were a ramping and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart also in the midst of my body is even like melting wax.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my gums, and thou shalt bring me into the dust of death.

For many dogs are come about me, and the counsel of the wicked layeth siege against me.

They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones: they stand staring and looking upon me.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord; thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me also from among the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy Name unto my brethren; in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

O praise the Lord, ye that fear him: magnify him, all ye of the seed of Jacob; and fear him, all ye seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the low estate of the poor; he hath not hid his face from him; but when he called unto him he heard him.

My praise is of thee in the great congregation; my vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear him.

The poor shall eat, and be satisfied, they that seek after the Lord, shall praise him: your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the people.

All such as be fat upon earth have eaten, and worshipped.

All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him; and no man hath quickened his own soul.

My seed shall serve him: they shall be counted unto the Lord for a generation.

They shall come, and the heavens shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lord hath made.

Psalm xl. *Expectans expectavi.*

I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling.

He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon the rock, and ordered my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God.

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall put their trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that hath set his hope in the Lord, and turned not unto the proud, and to such as go about with lies.

O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done, like as be also thy thoughts, which are to us-ward; and yet there is no man that ordereth them unto thee.

If I should declare them, and speak of them, they should be more than I am able to express.

Sacrifice and meat-offering thou wouldest not, but mine ears hast thou opened.

Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come.

In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, O my God: I am content to do it; yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have declared thy righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, and that thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; my talk hath been of thy truth, and of thy salvation.

I have not kept back thy loving mercy and truth from the great congregation.

Withdraw not thou thy mercy from me, O Lord; let thy loving-kindness and thy truth always preserve me.

For innumerable troubles are come about me: my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not able to look up; yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.

O Lord, let it be thy pleasure to deliver me; make haste, O Lord, to help me.

Let them be ashamed, and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it: let them be driven backward, and put to rebuke, that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate, and rewarded with shame, that say unto me, Fie upon thee! fie upon thee!

Let all those that seek thee, be joyful and glad in thee; and let such as love thy salvation, say, always, the Lord be praised!

As for me, I am poor and needy; but the Lord careth for me.

Thou art my helper and redeemer; make no long tarrying, O my God.

Psalm liv. *Deus, in nomine.*

Save me, O God, for thy Name's sake: and avenge me in thy strength.

Hear my prayer, O God, and hearken unto the words of my mouth.

For strangers are risen up against me; and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.

Behold, God is my helper; the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy thou them in thy truth.

An offering of a free heart will I give thee, and praise thy Name, O Lord; because it is so comfortable.

For he hath delivered me out of all my trouble, and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

*Good Friday Evening, March 27th.*

## HYMN 88.

*"It is finished."*

Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
    *"It is finish'd!"*  
Hear the dying Saviour's cry.

*"It is finish'd!"* O what pleasure  
Do the precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
    *"It is finish'd!"*  
Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finish'd all that God had promised:  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
    *"It is finish'd!"*  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
Strike them to Emmanuel's name;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim.  
    *Alleluia!*  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## HYMN 378.

*"I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me."*

Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for me!

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;  
    *"Receive my soul!"* He cries;  
See where He bows His sacred head!  
He bows His head and dies.

Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine;  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like Thine!

## HYMN 83.

*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

When I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to Thy Blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

## PROPER PSALMS.

Psalm ixiv. *Exaudi, Deus.*

Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer; preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

Hide me from the gathering together of the froward, and from the insurrection of wicked doers;

Who have whet their tongue like a sword, and shott out their arrows, even bitter words;

That they may privily shoot at him that is perfect: suddenly do they hit him, and fear not.

They encourage themselves in mischief, and communie among themselves, how they may lay snares; and say, that no man shall see them.

They imagine wickedness, and practise it; that

they keep secret among themselves, every man in the deep of his heart.

But God shall suddenly shoot at them with a swift arrow, that they shall be wounded.

Yea, their own tongues shall make them fall; insomuch that whoso seeth them shall laugh them to scorn.

And all men that see it shall say, This hath God done; for they shall perceive that it is his work.

The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord, and put his trust in him; and all they that are true of heart shall be glad.

Psalm lxxxviii. *Domine, Deus.*

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee; O let my prayer enter into thy presence, incline thine ear unto my calling;

For my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto hell.

I am counted as one of them that go down into the pit, and I have been even as a man that hath no strength.

Free among the dead, like unto them that are wounded, and lie in the grave, who are out of remembrance, and are cut away from thy hand.

Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in a place of darkness, and in the deep.

Thine indignation lieth hard upon me, and thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.

Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me, and made me to be abhorred of them.

I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth.

My sight faileth for very trouble; Lord I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

Dost thou show wonders among the dead? or shall the dead rise up again, and praise thee?

Shall thy loving-kindness be showed in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?

Shall thy wondrous works be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land where all things are forgotten?

Unto thee have I cried, O Lord; and early shall my prayer come before thee.

Lord, why abhorrest thou my soul, and hidest thou thy face from me?

I am in misery, and like unto him that is at the point to die; even from my youth up thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.

Thy wrathful displeasure goeth over me, and the fear of thee hath undone me.

They came round about me daily like water, and compassed me together on every side.

My lovers and friends hast thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.

*Easter Even, March 28th.*

## HYMN 90.

*"And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary sitting over against the sepulchre."*

Resting from His work to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
Still He slept, from head to feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way,  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend:  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where, in pure embalmed cell,  
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around:  
And in patient watch remain,  
Till my Lord appear again.

## HYMN 93.

*"I would not live alway."*

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him to triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to  
greet:  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## HYMN 97.

*"I shall not die, but live."*

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free

From dungeon chain, to breath the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with thee on high.

## PROPER PSALMS.

Psalm xxx. *Exaltabo te, Domine.*

I will magnify thee, O Lord; for thou hast set me up, and not made my foes to triumph over me.

O Lord, my God, I cried unto thee; and thou hast healed me.

Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul out of hell; thou hast kept my life from them that go down to the pit.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his; and give thanks unto him, for a remembrance of his holiness.

For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed; thou, Lord, of thy goodness, hast made my hill so strong.

Psalm xxxi. *In te, Domine, speravi.*

In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion; deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; make haste to deliver me.

And be thou my strong rock, and house of defence, that thou mayest save me.

For thou art my strong rock, and my castle; be thou also my guide, and lead me for thy Name's sake.

Draw me out of the net that they have laid privily for me; for thou art my strength.

Into thy hands I commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.

I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities, and my trust hath been in the Lord.

I will be glad, and rejoice in thy mercy; for thou hast considered my trouble, and hast known my soul in adversities.

Thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy; but hast set my feet in a large room.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble, and mine eye is consumed for very heaviness; yea, my soul and body.

For my life is waxen old with heaviness, and my years with mourning.

My strength faileth me, because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.

I became a reproof among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours; and they of mine acquaintance were afraid of me; and they that did see me without, conveyed themselves from me.

I am clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind, I am become like a broken vessel.

Thou didst turn thy face from me, and I was troubled.

Then cried I unto thee, O Lord; and gat me to my Lord right humbly.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?

Shall the dust give thanks unto thee? or shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me; Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy; thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness:

Therefore shall every good man sing of thy praise without ceasing. O my God, I will give thanks unto thee forever.

For I have heard the blasphemy of the multitude, and fear is on every side; while they conspire together against me, and take their counsel to take away my life.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord; I have said, Thou art my God.

My time is in thy hand; deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Show thy servant the light of thy countenance, and save me for thy mercy's sake.

Let me not be confounded, O Lord, for I have called upon thee; let the ungodly be put to confusion, and be put to silence in the grave.

Let the lying lips be put to silence, which cruelly, disdainfully, and despitefully speak against the righteous.

O how plentiful is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, and that thou hast prepared for them that put their trust in thee, even before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them privily by thine own presence from the provoking of all men; thou shalt keep them secretly in thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues.

Thanks be to the Lord; for he hath showed me marvellous great kindness in a strong city.

And when I made haste, I said, I am cast out of the sight of thine eyes.

Nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my prayer, when I cried unto thee.

O love the Lord, all ye his saints; for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer.

Be strong, and he shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord.

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**ANTHEM—“Glorious is Thy Name.”**

**HYMN.**

Jesus call us; o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying “Christian, follow Me;”

As of old, St. Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;

From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, “Christian, love Me more.”

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
“That we love Him more than these.”

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

*Statement of the work of the Brotherhood during the past year,*  
*by Rev. HENRY S. GETZ, First Vice President.*

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**HYMN.**

King of saints, O Lord incarnate,  
In Thy saints Thy praise we sing,  
As to-day, with glad thanksgiving,  
Hymns of grateful love we bring.  
Of the thronged Twelve, Saint Andrew  
First received and heard, Thy call.  
Thine the wondrous grace that made him  
Gentlest, meekest, of them all.

Thee, true Lamb of God, beholding,  
(As the Baptist testified,)  
He obeys Thy gracious bidding  
In Thy dwelling to abide;  
Finding there the true Messiah,  
Whom his faith so long had sought,  
There with joy his brother Simon  
To his Saviour's feet he brought.

From the Galilean waters  
At Thy word he follows Thee,  
Fisher's net and craft exchanging  
For the Apostle's dignity:  
By the promise of the Father,  
Armed with the Spirit's sword,  
Forth he goes to preach the gospel,  
Herald of the incarnate Word.

Grant that we, Thy call obeying,  
May like Andrew follow thee,  
Here in gentle love and suffering  
To a blest eternity;  
Sharers of thy cross, and with him  
Sharers of Thy crown above,  
See the vision of Thy beauty,  
Taste the sweetness of Thy love.

*Sermon by Rt. Rev. THOMAS U. DUDLEY, D.D., Bishop of Kentucky*

**HYMN.**

Through good report and evil, Lord,  
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,  
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,  
We follow thee.

In silence of the lonely night,  
In the full glow of day's clear light,  
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or  
bright,  
We follow Thee.

Strengthened by Thee we forward go,  
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,  
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,  
We follow Thee.

With enemies on every side,  
We lean on Thee, the Crucified,

Forsaking all on earth beside,  
We follow Thee.

O Master, point Thou out the way,  
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;  
Then in the path that leads to Day,  
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face;  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;  
Oh, keep us, aid us, by Thy grace:  
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?  
Still in Thy light we onward move;  
We follow Thee.

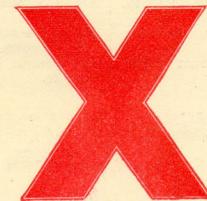
**DOXOLOGY.**

**PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.**

# Brotherhood of St. Andrew

Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia



## ANNUAL SERVICE

Sunday Evening, Nov. 29th, 1891

Preceding

St. Andrew's Day

## Order of Service

### HYMN 175.

202  
"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be address'd.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;  
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see,  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

### GENERAL CONFESSION.

### ABSOLUTION.

### LORD'S PRAYER.

### VERSICLES.

### SELECTION FIRST.

Psalm i. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the water side, that will bring forth its fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment, neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; and the way of the ungodly shall perish. *Gloria Patri.*

Psalm xv. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fail. *Gloria Patri.*

### Psalm xci. *Qui habitat.*

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my strong hold; my God, in him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shall be safe under his feathers; his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

### FIRST LESSON—Isaiah II.

*Cantate Domino. Psalm xciii.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel; and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the ungodly.

For thou, Lord, art my hope; thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angles charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands, that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him up, because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him; yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation. *Gloria Patri.*

### SECOND LESSON—Revelations I.

*Benedic, anima mea. Psalm ciii.*

Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy Name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities;

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that excel in strength; ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion; praise thou the Lord, O my soul. *Gloria Patri.*

### CREED AND PRAYERS.

### OFFERTORY.

*St. Paul*  
5-21

**Address.**

**Hymn.**

"Summer ended, harvest o'er."

Summer ended, harvest o'er,  
Lord to thee our song we pour,  
For the valley's golden yield,  
For the fruits of tree and field;

For the promise ever sure  
That while heaven and earth endure  
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat  
Shall their yearly round complete;

For the care which, while we slept,  
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,  
Watch o'er all the buried grain,  
Soon to burst to life again.

When the reaping angels bring  
Tares and wheat before the King,  
Jesus! may we gathered be  
In the heavenly barn to thee.

Then the angel-cry shall sound,  
Praise the Lamb; the lost are found;  
And the answering song shall be,  
Alleluia; praise to thee—

Praise to thee, the toil is o'er;  
Blight and curse shall be no more;  
Lo! the mighty work is done:  
Glory to the three in one.

**Address.**

**Hymn.**

"Giver of all."

O Lord of heaven, and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee?  
Giver of all.

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Giver of all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays;  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,  
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,  
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend;  
We have as treasures without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Giver of all.

**Benediction.**

**Sunday Schools and Bible Classes**

OF THE

**CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES**

AND THE

**MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMMUNION**



UNITED

**HARVEST \* HOME \* SERVICE**



SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29th

1891

Following Thanksgiving Day



# Order of Exercises

## Hymn.

"Lord of the Harvest."

old hundred  
H 5  
Lord of the Harvest! Thee we hail:  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;  
The varying seasons hasten their round;  
With goodness all our years are crowned.

When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain.

## Doxology.

Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

## Selection.

### Psalm 147.

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

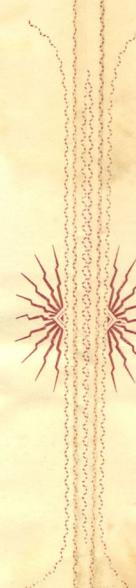
He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord and great is his power; yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

The Lord setteth up the meek, and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

But chiefly when thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fills the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear.

Lord of the Harvest! all is Thine;  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound.



But the Lord's delight is in them that fear him, and put their trust in his mercy.  
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise Thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates, and hath blessed thy children within thee.  
He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth, and his word runneth very swiftly.  
He giveth snow like wool, and scattereth

the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who is able to abide his frost?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

## Gloria in Excelsis.

Calkins

## Lesson.

### Deus Misereatur.

Burnett

## Creed and Collects.

## Hymn.

"The God of harvest praise."

The God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart and voice;  
The valleys laugh and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,  
And joyous thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot

Is comely, but be not  
God's benefits forgot  
Amidst your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts and voices raise  
With one accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

Amherst  
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*Page*

*2/3*

*Sabbath*

#### HYMN.

*"What are these which are arrayed in white robes."*

Who are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Tuning their triumphant song?  
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his eternal name :

Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs :  
Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
And for ever from their eyes,  
God shall wipe away the tears.

#### ADDRESSES.

#### HYMN.

*"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."*

For ever with the Lord !  
Amen, so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word ;  
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's far-seeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah, then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies ;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

#### COLLECTS FROM THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

#### BENEDICTION.

### Sunday School

at the

Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia

# Annual Memorial Service

All Saints' Day

Sunday, November 1st, 1891

# Order

Hatching!

## HYMN.

*We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,  
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd.  
Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.  
Alleluia.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.  
Alleluia.

## SELECTION.

*From Proper Psalms for All Saints' Day.)*

Psalm i. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside, that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.  
Alleluia.

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of Glory passes on his way.  
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Alleluia.

## Psalm xv. *Domine, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle ? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is

lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall not fail.

*Gloria Patri.*

## CREED.

## COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

## COLLECT FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

## COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

## HYMN.

*"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."*

How bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great,  
Who came to realms of light :  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love amidst  
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing ;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.

The Lamb which reigns upon the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside ;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.  
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear ;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

## MEMORIAL BOOK.

Burnett Drew

ADDRESS.

HYMN.

"Jesus, Thy boundless love to me."

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there !

Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone !  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown :  
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
May every act, word, thought, be love !

O love, how cheering is Thy ray !  
All pain before Thy presence flies :  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,

Where'er Thy healing beams arise,  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !

Still let Thy love point out my way !  
What wondrous things Thy love hath  
wrought !

Still lead me, lest I go astray ;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Church of the Holy Apostles.

SERVICES.

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Wednesday Evenings, 8 o'clock

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Teachers' Meeting, Fridays, 8 P.M.

Young Women's Guild, Tuesday Evenings.

Boys' Guild, Monday Evenings.

St. Andrews' Brotherhood, Fourth Tuesday Evening in the month.

Mothers' Meetings, Thursday Afternoons, 2.30 P.M.

Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion,

Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia



Special

Pre-Advent Service



Sunday Evening, Nov. 22d

1891



**HYMN.**

*"All praise to Him Who built the hills."*

All praise to Him Who built the hills ;  
All praise to Him the streams Who fills ;  
All praise to Him Who lights each star  
That sparkles in the blue afar.

All praise to Him Who makes the morn,  
And bids it glow with beams new-born ;  
Who draws the shadows of the night,  
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

All praise to Him Whose love hath given,  
In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven ;  
Who gives us for our darkness, light,  
And turns to day our deepest night.

All praise to Him in love Who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame ;  
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
The all-prevailing sacrifice.

All praise to Him Who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God ;  
The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
The fount of joy and holiness.

To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow :  
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise,  
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

Service as found in the Prayer Book and on the Cards.

**OFFERTORY.**

*ANTHEM—"Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth."*

**HYMN.**

*"Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem."*

Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem ;  
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise ;  
Sing to Him Who brought salvation,  
Wondrous in His works and ways ;  
God eternal, Word incarnate,  
Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.

Ere He raised the lofty mountains,  
Formed the sea, or spread the sky,  
Love eternal, free and boundless,  
Moved the Lord of life to die ;  
Foretold the Prince of princes  
For the throne of Calvary.

Now above the sapphire pavement,  
High in unapproached light,  
Lo ! He lives and reigns for ever,

Victor after hard-won fight,  
Where the song of the redeemed  
Rings unceasing day and night.

Yet this earth He still remembers,  
Still by Him the flock are fed :  
Yea, He gives them food immortal,  
Gives Himself, the living Bread :  
Leads them where the precious fountain  
From the smitten Rock is shed.

Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims !  
Who shall pluck you from His hand ?  
Pledged He stands for your salvation,  
Pledged to give the promised land,  
Where among the ransomed nations  
Ye too round His throne shall stand.

**ADDRESS.**

**HYMN.**

*"Lord of all power and might."*

Lord of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy word !  
Oh, let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found !  
God speed His word !

Hail, blessed Jubilee !  
Thine, Lord, the glory be ;  
Alleluia !  
Thine was the mighty plan ;  
From Thee the work began ;  
Away with praise of man !  
Glory to God !

Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy word !  
One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr band,  
God shield His word !

Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force ;  
God is before.  
His words ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun ;  
His purpose must be done ;  
God bless His word !

**ADDRESS.**

**HYMN.**

*"Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates."*

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates !  
Behold, the King of glory waits !  
The King of kings is drawing near ;  
The Saviour of the world is here.

The Lord is just, a helper tried ;  
Mercy is ever at His side ;  
His kingly crown is holiness ;  
His scepter, pity in distress.

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed !  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph comes !

Fling wide the portals of your heart !  
Make it a temple, set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Redeemer, come ! I open wide  
My heart to Thee ! here, Lord, abide !  
Let me Thy inner presence feel :  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

So come, my Sovereign ! enter in !  
Let new and nobler life begin !  
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,  
Until the glorious crown be won !

# Church of the Holy Apostles

Twenty-first and Christian Streets



♦ A WEEK ♦

—OR—

## Earnest Lenten Preaching

MARCH 7TH TO 11TH

1892

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.



## HYMNS AND PSALTER

FOR THE SEVERAL DAYS



Offertory Every Evening, for the Protestant Episcopal City Mission



*There will be a short Devotional Meeting every evening preceding the service, in the Guild Room, at 7.30 o'clock, to which all are invited.*

# Monday Evening, March 7th.

## HYMN 392.

"To whom shall we go but unto Thee?"

Just as I am,—without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within; without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

## HYMN 515.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee."

Thou hidden love of God, Whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

## HYMN 443.

"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

In the hour of trial.  
Jesus, plead for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;  
When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

## PSALTER.

### SELECTION FIRST.

Psalm I. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly; nor stood in the way of sinners; and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the water side; that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them: but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment: neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm xv. *Doninie, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill.

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour: and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in

his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappoyngeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury: nor taken reward against the innocent.

Who so doeth these things: shall never fall.

Psalm xci. *Qui habitat.*

Who so dwelleth under the defence of the Most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold: my God, in Him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the ungodly.

For thou Lord, art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him: yea I am with him in trouble: I will deliver him and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him: and show him my salvation.

OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—“Lord we pray Thee that Thy grace may always prevent and follow us.”

SERMON BY REV. JAMES S. STONE, D.D.,

RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

St Luke 15 chp

4-43-

Tuesday Evening, March 8th.

HYMN 528.

“He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst.”

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.”  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Behold I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream:  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“I am this dark world’s Light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright;”  
I look to Jesus, and I find  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I’ll walk  
Till traveling days are done.

HYMN 521.

“Lovest thou me?”

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;  
’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
Say, poor sinner, loveth thou me?

I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman’s tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shall be;  
Say, poor sinner, loveth thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

#### HYMN 514.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress'd,  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?

" Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, yes."

#### PSALTER.

##### SELECTION FIFTH.

Psalm xxvi. *Judica me, Domine*

Be thou my Judge O Lord, for I have walked innocently: my trust hath been also in the Lord, therefore shall I not fall.  
Examine me O Lord, and prove me: try out my reins and my heart.  
For thy loving-kindness is ever before mine eyes: and I will walk in thy truth.  
I have not dwelt with vain persons: neither will I have fellowship with the deceitful.  
I have hated the congregation of the wicked: and will not sit among the ungodly.  
I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord: and so will I go to thine altar.

That I may show the voice of thanksgiving: and tell of all thy wondrous works.  
Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house: and the place where thine honour dwelleth.  
O shut not up my soul with the sinners: nor my life with blood thirsty;  
In whose hands is wickedness: and their right hand is full of gifts.  
But as for me, I will walk innocently: O deliver me, and be merciful unto me.  
My foot standeth right: I will praise the Lord in the congregations.

Psalm xlivi. *Judica me, Deus.*

Give sentence with me O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.  
For thou art the God of my strength, why hast thou put me from thee: and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?  
O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.  
Why art thou so heavy, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?  
O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm cxli. *Domine, clamavi.*

Lord I call upon thee; haste thee unto me: and consider my voice, when I cry unto thee.  
Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an even sacrifice.  
Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.  
O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.  
Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.

But let not their precious balms break my head yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.  
Let their judges be overthrown in stony places: that they may hear my words; for they are sweet.  
Our bones lie scattered before the pit: like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth.  
But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust; O cast not out my soul.  
Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.  
Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

#### OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"Turn Thy face from my sins."

SERMON BY REV. C. ELLIS STEVENS, LL.D., D.C.L.

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

*"And was made  
Man"*  
*Nicene Creed*

# Wednesday Evening, March 9th.

## HYMN 393.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.  
  
Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
All my help from Thee I bring:  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.  
  
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## HYMN 225.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.  
  
Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.  
  
Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;

Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.  
Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.  
  
Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour.  
Hear Thy children's cry.

## HYMN 67.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in,  
But there no evil thing may find a home:  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."  
  
So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.  
  
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me, day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.  
  
'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.  
  
Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

## PSALTER.

### SELECTION SIXTH.

Psalm xxxii. Beati, quorum.

Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven:  
and whose sin is covered.  
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth  
no sin: and in whose spirit there is no guile.  
For whilst I held my tongue: my bones con-  
sumed away through my daily complaining.  
For thy hand is heavy upon me day and night:  
and my moisture is like the drought in summer.  
I will acknowledge my sin unto thee: and mine  
unrighteousness have I not hid.  
I said, I will confess my sins unto the Lord: and  
so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.  
For this shall every one that is godly make his  
prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be  
found: but in the great water-floods they shall not  
come nigh him.

Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt pre-  
serve me from trouble: thou shalt compass me  
about with songs of deliverance.  
I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way  
wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with  
mine eye.  
Be ye not like to horse and mule which have no  
understanding: whose mouths must be held with  
bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.  
Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but  
whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth  
him on every side.  
Be glad O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord:  
and be joyful all ye that are true of heart.  
Out of the deep have I called unto thee O Lord:  
Lord hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

If thou Lord wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him:

in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch: I say before the morning watch.

O Israel trust in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel; from all his sins.

Psalm cxxi. *Levavi oculos meos.*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand:

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"There is a fountain filled with blood."

SERMON BY REV. H. DIXON JONES,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, MEDIA, PA.

Thursday Evening, March 10th.

HYMN 472.

"Be of good cheer; It is I; be not afraid."

Breast the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest;  
Onward and onward still  
Be Thine endeavour;  
The rest that remaineth  
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee:

He Who hath promised  
Faltereth never;  
He who hath loved so well,  
Loveth for ever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it resopeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

HYMN 386.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin:  
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight:

Thy holy joys, my God restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

A broken heart, my God, my king,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

O may Thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song:  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## HYMN 10.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

O Jesus, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
Iu lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er;  
We bear the name of Christians;  
His name and sign we bear:  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep him standing there.

O Jesus, thou art knocking;  
And lo! that hand is scar'd,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marr'd:

O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

## PSALTER.

### SELECTION EIGHTH.

Psalm li. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

Have mercy upon me O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again: and establish me with thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

Thou shalt open my lips O Lord: and my mouth shall show thy praise.

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt offerings.

The sacrifice of God is troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart O God, shalt thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm xlii. *Quemadmodum.*

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself: for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God.

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving: among such as keep holy day.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan and the little hill of Hermon.

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water pipes: all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the day-time: and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me?

My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword: while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth:

Namely, while they say daily unto me: Where is now thy God?

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance and my God.

## OFFERTORY.

ANTHEM—"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee."

SERMON BY REV. J. BLAKE FALKNER, D.D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, GERMANTOWN.

# *Friday Evening, March 11th,*

## **HYMN 399.**

*"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous."*

Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd.

By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;  
That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the Cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

## **HYMN 53.**

*"In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."*

Saviour, when in dust to Thee,  
Low we bow th' adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;  
O, by all Thy pains and woe,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,  
By Thy human griefs and fears,  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy conflict with despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer.  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save:  
Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restored.  
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
Hear our solemn litany.

## **HYMN 63.**

*"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."*

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die.

By thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

## **THE LITANY.**

## **OFFERTORY.**

*ANTHEM—“O Saviour of the World.”*

**SERMON BY REV. GEORGE H. KINSOLVING,**  
**RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, PHILADELPHIA.**

## **SERVICES DURING LENT.**

Every Wednesday and Friday Evening, at 8 o'clock.  
Confirmation, Sunday Evening, March 13th.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew Meeting, Tuesday Evening, March 22d, and Devotional Meeting, every Sunday, at 10 A.M.

Teachers' Meeting, for lesson study, every Friday Evening, after the service in church.

Mothers' Meeting, Thursdays, 2.30 P.M.

Young Women's Guild, Tuesday Evenings. Boys' Guild, Monday Evenings.  
Women's Missionary Society, Tuesday Evenings.

*Not to be taken away until after the Service on Friday Evening.*

Bishop. Our help is in the Name of the Lord;  
Answer. Who hath made heaven and earth.  
Bishop. Blessed be the Name of the Lord;  
Answer. Henceforth, world without end.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by Water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; Strengthen them, we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and daily increase in them the manifold gifts of

¶ Then all of them in order kneeling before the Bishop, he shall lay his hands upon the head of each one severally, saying,

Defend, O Lord, this thy Child [or thy servant] with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine forever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Bishop say,

The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

¶ And all kneeling down, the Bishop shall add,

Let us pray.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ And these Collects.

Almighty and everlasting God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are good, and acceptable unto thy Divine Majesty; We make our humble supplications unto thee for these thy servants, upon whom, after the example of thy holy Apostles, we have now laid our hands, to certify them, by this sign, of thy favor and gracious goodness towards them. Let thy fatherly hand, we

beseech thee, ever be over them; let thy Holy Spirit ever be with them; and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, even one God, world without end. Amen.

O Almighty Lord, and everlasting God, vouchsafe, we be-eech thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern, both our hearts and bodies, in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments;

that, through thy most mighty protection, both here and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul; through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

¶ Then the Bishop shall bless them, saying thus,

The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be upon you, and remain with you forever. Amen.

¶ And there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be Confirmed.

#### HYMN 235.

During the singing of these verses, those who have been confirmed will resume their seats in the Church.

Here rest, my oft-divided heart,  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When call'd on angel's food to feast?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Address by the RT. REV. O. W. WHITAKER, D. D., Bishop of Penna.

#### HYMN 238.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

Thine forever:—God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above:  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

Thine forever:—Lord of life;  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever:—Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

#### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

The Rector desires to see all who are confirmed, this evening, in the Guild Room at the close of the Service in the Church.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA



## Evening Prayer and Confirmation



SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

March 13th, 1892, at 7.45 P. M.

## Order of Service.

### HYMN 237.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray:  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And grieve around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide.  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.

### Opening Sentences, General Confession, Declaration of Absolution, Lord's Prayer, etc.

### PSALTER FOR THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

#### EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm lxxix. *Saleum me fac.*

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in, even unto my soul.

I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is; I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.

I am weary of crying; my throat is dry; my sight failth me for waiting so long upon my God. They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltless, are mighty.

I paid them the things that I never took; God, that knew my simplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee.

Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashamed, for my cause; let not those that seek thee be confounded through me, O Lord God of Israel.

And why? for thy sake have I suffered reproach; shame hath covered my face.

I am become a stranger unto my brethren, even an alien unto my mother's children.

For the zeal of thine house hath even eaten me; and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen upon me.

I wept, and chastened myself with fasting, and that was turned to my reproach.

I put on sackcloth also, and they jested upon me. They that sit in the gate speak against me, and the drunkards make songs upon me.

But, Lord, I make my prayer unto thee in an acceptable time.

Hear me, O God, in the multitude of thy mercy, even in the truth of thy salvation.

Take me out of the mire, that I sink not; O let me be delivered from them that hate me and out of the deep waters.

Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the deep swallow me up; and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.

Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving kindness is comfortable; turn thee unto me according to the multitude of thy mercies:

And hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble: O hast thee, and hear me.

Draw nigh unto my soul, and save it; O deliver me, because of mine enemies.

Thou hast known my reproach, my shame, and my dishonour: mine adversaries are all in thy sight.

They rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness: I look for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me.

They gave me gall to eat; and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink.

Let their table be made a snare to take themselves by; and let the things that should have been for their wealth be unto them an occasion of falling.

Let their eyes be blinded, that they see not; and ever bow down their backs.

Pour out thine indignation upon them, and let thy wrathful displeasure take hold of them.

Let their habitation be void, and no man to dwell in their tents.

For they persecute him whom thou hast smitten; and they talk how they may vex them whom thou hast wounded.

Let them fall from one wickedness to another, and not come into thy righteousness.

Let them be wiped out of the book of the living, and not be written among the righteous.

As for me, when I am poor and in heaviness, thy help, O God, shall lift me up.

I will praise the Name of God with a song, and magnify it with thanksgiving.

This also shall please the Lord better than a bullock that hath horns and hoofs.

The humble shall consider this, and be glad: seek ye after God, and your soul shall live.

For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners.

Let heaven and earth praise him: the sea, and all that moveth therein.

For God will save Zion, and build the cities of Judah, that men may dwell there, and have it in possession.

The posterity also of his servants shall inherit it; and they that love his Name shall dwell therein.

### Psalm lxx. *Deus, in adjutorium.*

Haste thee, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul; let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wish me evil.

Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame, that cry over me. There! there!

### FIRST LESSON—Daniel 3.

*Bonum est confiteri.* Psalm xcii.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy Name, O Most Highest; To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night-season; Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

### SECOND LESSON—Ephesians 5: v. 15, and 6: 1-10.

*Deus misericordia.* Psalm lxvii.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad; for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

### CREED AND COLLECTS.

### OFFERTORY.

### ANTHEM—"Send out Thy light and Thy truth."

### HYMN 235.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

During the singing of these verses, the candidates for confirmation are requested to come forward to the chancel.

O happy day, that stays my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;  
Well may this growing heart rejoice,  
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him Who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to His sacred throne I move.

### THE ORDER OF CONFIRMATION.

Or laying on of hands upon those who are Baptized, and come to years of discretion.

Upon the day appointed, all that are to be confirmed, being placed and standing in order before the Bishop; or some other Minister appointed by him, shall read this Preface following.

To the end that Confirmation may be ministered to the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order, That none shall be confirmed, but such as can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other Questions, as in the short Catechism are contained; which order is very convenient to be observed; to the end, that children, being now come to the years of discretion, and having learned what their Godfathers' and Godmothers promised for them in Baptism, may themselves, with their own mouth and consent, openly before the Church, ratify and confirm the same; and also promise that, by the grace of God, they will evermore endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such things, as they, by their own confession, have assented unto.

*¶ Then the Minister shall present unto the Bishop those who are to be confirmed, and shall say,*  
Reverend Father in God, I present unto you these children [or these persons] to receive the Laying on of Hands.

*¶ Then shall the Bishop say,*  
Do ye here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that ye made, or that was made in your name, at your Baptism; ratifying and confirming the same;

*¶ And every one shall audibly answer,*  
I do.

*370*

**HYMN.**

Jesus call us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea,  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As of old, St. Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;

*Statement of the work of the Brotherhood during the past year,*  
*by Rev. HENRY S. GETZ, First Vice President.*

**HYMN.**

King of saints, O Lord incarnate,  
In Thy saints Thy praise we sing;  
As to-day, with glad thanksgiving,  
Hymns of grateful love we bring.  
Of the thronged Twelve, Saint Andrew  
First received and heard Thy call.  
Thine the wondrous grace that made him  
Gentlest, meekest, of them all.

Thee, true Lamb of God, beholding,  
(As the Baptist testified,)  
He obeys Thy gracious bidding  
In Thy dwelling to abide;  
Finding there the true Messiah,  
Whom his faith so long had sought,  
There with joy his brother Simon  
To his Saviour's feet he brought.

*Sermon by Rev. E. WALPOLE WARREN, Rector of the  
Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City.*

*Offertory for the work of the Chapter.*

*ANTHEM: "SEND OUT THY LIGHT."*

**HYMN.**

The call to arms is sounding,  
The freemen muster strong,  
While saints beneath the altar  
Are crying "Lord, how long?"  
The living and the loving  
Christ's loyal standard raise,  
And marching on to conflict,  
Shout forth their Captain's praise.

No time for self indulgence,  
For resting by the way;  
Repose will come at even,  
But toil is for the day;  
Work like the blessed Jesus,  
Who from His earliest youth  
Would do His Father's business,  
And witness for the truth.

For the one Faith, the true Faith,  
The Faith which cannot fail,  
For the one Church, the true Church,  
'Gainst which no foes prevail.

**PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.**

From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"That we love Him more than these."

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
Saviour make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

From the Galilean waters  
At Thy word he follows Thee,  
Fisher's net and craft exchanging  
For the Apostle's dignity:  
By the promise of the Father,  
Armed with the Spirit's sword,  
Forth he goes to preach the gospel,  
Herald of the incarnate Word.

Grant that we, Thy call obeying,  
May like Andrew follow thee,  
Here in gentle love and suffering  
To a blest eternity;  
Sharens of Thy cross, and with him  
Sharens of Thy crown above,  
See the vision of Thy beauty,  
Taste the sweetness of Thy love.

Made one with God Incarnate  
We in His might must win  
The glory of self-conquest,  
Of victory over sin.

Behold! upon Mount Sion  
A glorious people stand,  
A crown on every forehead,  
A palm in every hand.  
Lo these are they who boldly  
The Name of Christ confessed,  
And now triumphant praise Him  
In heaven's unresting rest.

O Jesus, Who art waiting,  
Thy faithful ones to crown,  
Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,  
Our loving service own;  
Come in each heart, forever  
As King adored to reign,  
Till we with saints triumphant,  
Uplift the victor strain.

# BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW

## Chapter 318

### CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

PHILADELPHIA

# X ANNUAL SERVICE

Sunday Evening, Dec. 4th, 1892

FOLLOWING

ST. ANDREW'S DAY

# Order of Service

## HYMN 175.

"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints!"

From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be address'd.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;  
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see,  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year.  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

## GENERAL CONFESSION.

## ABSOLUTION.

## LORD'S PRAYER.

## VERSICLES.

## SELECTION FIRST.

Psalm i. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the water side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment, neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

*Gloria Patri.*

Psalm xv. *Domine, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

## HYMN 175.

"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints!"

Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;  
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore.  
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the Throne,  
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

## GENERAL CONFESSION.

## ABSOLUTION.

## LORD'S PRAYER.

## VERSICLES.

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Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slandered his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fail.

*Gloria Patri.*

Psalm xcii. *Qui habitat.*

Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my strong hold; my God, in him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers; his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the ungodly.

For thou, Lord, art my hope; thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands, that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him up, because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him; yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

*Gloria Patri.*

## FIRST LESSON—Isaiah 24.

### MAGNIFICAT.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand maiden.

For behold from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: world without end.

Amen.

## SECOND LESSON—Revelations 2.

### NUNC DIMITTIS.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end.

Amen.

## CREED AND PRAYERS.

### Hymn.

For the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony

Linking sense to sound and sight:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For Thyself, best gift divine!  
To our race so freely given;  
For that great, great love of Thine,  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

### Address.

### Offertory for the Episcopal Hospital.

### Hymn.

O God of mercy, God of might,  
In love and pity infinite,  
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,  
To live our life to Thee.

And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,  
That every word, and deed, and thought  
May work a work for Thee.

For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;  
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who give to Thee.

### Prayer.

### Doxology.

### Benediction.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BIBLE CLASSES

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

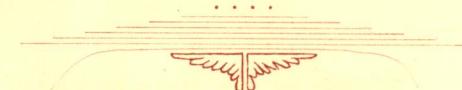
AND THE

MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMMUNION



UNITED

# HARVEST HOME SERVICE



Sunday, November 27th, 1892

FOLLOWING THANKSGIVING DAY

# Order of Exercises

## Hymn.

God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand  
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
Of shining worlds in splendor through the  
skies,  
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast ;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

## Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

## Selection.

### Psalm 147.

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God ; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

He telléth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord and great is his power ; yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

The Lord setteth up the meek, and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence ;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day ;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever thine.



Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise Thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates, and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth, and his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who is able to abide his frost?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation; neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

## Gloria in Excelsis.

## Lesson.

## Deus Misereatur.

## Creed and Collects.

## Hymn.

Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,  
The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of mercy from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
O'er look Thy bounteous care,  
But what our Father's hand imparts  
Still own in praise and prayer.

## Address.

#### HYMN.

Who are these like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing;  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Alleluia! hark they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,

Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

These, like priests, have watched and  
waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still.  
Now in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before His face.

#### ADDRESSES.

#### HYMN.

Oh! what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be  
When we haye borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,

Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

#### COLLECTS FROM THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

#### BENEDICTION.

### Sunday School

of the

Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia

# Annual Memorial Service

Sunday following All Saints' Day

November 6th, 1892

# Order

## HYMN.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.  
Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.  
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia.

## SELECTION.

(From Proper Psalms for All Saints' Day.)

Psalm i. *Beatus vir, qui non abiit.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside, that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither ; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

As for the ungodly, it is not so with them; but they are like the chaff, which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgment, neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous ; and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

*Gloria Patri.*

## PSALM XV. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle ? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is

lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fail.

*Gloria Patri.*

## CREED.

## COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

## COLLECT FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

## COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

## HYMN.

The saints of God ! Their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their Lord :

O happy saints ! forever blest,  
At Jesu's feet how safe you rest !

The saints of God ! Their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal :

O happy saints ! forever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet you rest !

The saints of God ! Life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,

No roaring billows lift their head :  
O happy saints ! forever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest !

The saints of God their vigil keep,  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies :  
O happy saints ! rejoice and sing :  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King !

O God of saints ! To Thee we cry ;  
O Saviour ! plead for us on high ;  
O Holy Ghost ! our guide and friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;  
That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee !

## MEMORIAL BOOK.

DR. CHARLES K. MILLS

WILL TALK

TO YOUNG MEN ONLY,

AT THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,

Under the auspices of the Parish Chapter of the Brotherhood of ST. ANDREW.

Thursday Evening, November 17th 1892.

AT 8 O'CLOCK

*SUBJECT*

---

*“The Care of the Body and the Brain”*

Only those over seventeen years of age will be admitted.

You are invited to be present and bring a friend.

No tickets of admission required.

#### HYMN.

"He saith, Surely, I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The Church has waited long,  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits;—  
A friendless stranger she,  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in garb of widowhood  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to rest and wake  
Upon the glorious morn.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving Bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn?  
Should she not wear the signs of grief,  
Until her Lord return?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice,  
Come, Lord, and wipe away,  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

#### Prayer and Benediction.

### Church of the Holy Apostles

#### SERVICES:

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Wednesday Evenings, 8 o'clock

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Teachers' Meeting, Fridays, 8 P.M.

Holy Communion, First and Third Sundays in the Month.

Infant Baptism, Fourth Sunday in the Month.

Devotional Meeting, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, every First Sunday Morning  
of the Month, at 10 o'clock.

### Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion

Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

Sundays, 10.30 A. M., 7.45 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

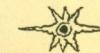
Holy Communion, Second Sunday in the Month.

Infant Baptism, First Sunday in the Month.

Devotional Meeting, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, every Second Sunday of the  
Month, 10 A.M.

### Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA



SPECIAL

# Advent Service



Sunday Evening, November 27th

1892



# ORDER OF SERVICE

## HYMN 490.

"Work your work betimes, and in his time he will give you your reward."

The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes with might,  
Who comes to end the evil,  
Who comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;

'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distress;  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Service as found on the Cards and in the Prayer Book.

## Offertory.

ANTHEM—"Rejoice Greatly."

## HYMN.

(From the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer.)

"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

Till He come! O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb:  
It is only "Till he come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would you have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper "Till He come."

When the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come."

## Address.

## HYMN.

(From the Hymnary.)

"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

Lo, the day of Christ's appearing,  
Day of life, and day of light,  
Day when death itself shall perish,  
Day which ne'er shall set in night.

Steadily that day is coming,  
When the just shall reign most blest,  
When the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

See the King desired for ages,  
Christ the Lord expected long:  
Long implored, at length He hasteth;  
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterances happy,  
Sweet and joyful, will it be!  
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,  
Jesus face to face shall see.

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,  
Who for him have toiled and died;  
Called to share with Him His glory,  
With Him ever to abide.

There shall be no sighs or weeping,  
Not a shade of doubt or fear;  
No old age, nor want nor sorrow,  
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,  
Deep and solemn joy be shed;  
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness  
And salvation perfected.

To those realms, just Judge, oh, call us;  
Deign to open that blest gate;  
Thou, whom seeking, looking, longing,  
We with eager joy await.

## Address.

## HYMN.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

O'er the distant mountains breaking  
Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;  
'Tis thy Saviour,  
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected! weary  
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
Life is dark and earth is dreary,  
Where Thy light I do not see;  
O my Saviour,  
When wilt Thou return to me?

Nearer is my soul's salvation;  
Spent the night, the day at hand;  
Keep me in my lowly station,  
Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for Thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home,  
Come my Saviour,  
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

## Address.

### Hymn 9

"He saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesu."

Come, quickly come dread Judge of All;  
For, awful though Thine Advent be,  
All shadows from the truth will fall,  
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:  
Come, quickly come: for doubt and fe  
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

Come, quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;  
Come, quickly come: for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scatter'd people one.

Come, quickly come, true Life of all;  
The curse of death is on the ground;  
On every home His shadows fall,  
On every heart his mark is found:  
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain  
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

Come, quickly come, sure light of all,  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.

### Benediction.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

### SERVICES:

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Wednesday Evenings, 8 o'clock

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

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Holy Communion, Second Sunday in the Month.

Infant Baptism, First Sunday in the Month.

Devotional Meeting, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, every Second Sunday of the  
Month, 10 A.M.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

Philadelphia



## Special Advent Service



Sunday Evening, December 11,

1892

# Order of Services

## Hymn 13

*"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."*

O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel:  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to Thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to Thee, O Israel.

*Service as found on the Cards and in the Prayer Book.*

## Offertory.

*ANTHEM—“God so loved the world.”*

## Hymn

Hark! the voice eternal,  
Robed in majesty,  
Calling into being  
Earth and sea and sky,  
Hark! in countless numbers  
All the angel-throng  
Hail creation's morning  
With one burst of song

Bright the world and glorious,  
Calm both earth and sea,  
Noble in its grandeur,  
Stood man's purity;  
Came the great transgression,  
Came the saddening fall,  
Death and desolation  
Breathing over all.

Long the nations waited,  
Through the troubled night,  
Looking, longing, yearning  
For the promised light.  
Prophets saw the morning  
Breaking far away,  
Minstrels sang the splendor  
Of that opening day.

Brightly dawned the Advent  
Of the new-born King,  
Joyously the watchers  
Heard the angels sing.  
Sadly closed the evening  
Of His hallowed life,  
As the noontide darkness  
Veiled the last dread strife.

Lo! again He cometh,  
Robed in clouds of light,  
As the Judge eternal,  
Armed with power and might,  
Nations to His footstool  
Gathered then shall be;  
Earth shall yield her treasures,  
And her dead, the sea.

Jesus! Lord and Master,  
Prophet, Priest and King,  
To Thy feet triumphant  
Hallowed praise we bring.  
Thine the pain and weeping,  
Thine the victory;  
Power, and praise, and honor,  
Be, O Lord, to Thee.

## Address.

## Hymn

Jesus came; the heavens adoring:  
Came with peace from realms on high;  
Jesus came for man's redemption,  
Lowly came on earth to die:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Came in deep humility.

Jesus comes again in mercy,  
When our hearts are bowed with care;  
Jesus comes in answer  
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Comes to save us from despair.

Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
Bringing news of sins forgiven;  
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,

Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Now the gate of death is riven.

Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us;  
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Cheering e'en our failing years.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
When the heavens shall pass away;  
Jesus comes again in glory;  
Let us then our homage pay,  
Alleluia! ever singing,  
Till the dawn of endless day.

## Address.

## Hymn

*“Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.”*

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
Wake, brethren, wake;  
Jesus himself is nigh;  
Wake, brethren, wake.  
Sleep is for sons of night;  
But children of the light;  
Yours is the glory bright;  
Wake, brethren, wake.

Call to each wakening band,  
Watch, brethren, watch;  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
Watch, brethren, watch.  
Be ye as men that wait  
Now at their Master's gate,  
E'en though He tarry late;  
Watch, brethren, watch.

Heed we the Steward's call,  
Work, brethren, work:  
There's room enough for all:  
Work, brethren, work.

The vineyard of the Lord  
Sure labor will afford;  
He will your work reward;  
Work, brethren, work.

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray:  
Would ye His heart rejoice,  
Pray, brethren, pray.  
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,  
Weakness the Strong One near  
Long as we struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray.

Sound now the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise:  
Thrice holy is the Lord,  
Praise, brethren, praise,  
What more befits the tongues  
Joining the angels' songs?  
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,  
Praise, brethren, praise.

## Prayer.

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE  
YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD, CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA  
OF THE  
Church of the Holy Apostles

ON  
TUESDAY EVENING MAY 17. 1892

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. MUSIC	-	-	Orchestra
2. THE OWLS AND THE MICE	-	-	Junior Class of Boys
3. CALISTHENICS	-	-	Junior Class of Girls
4. SINGING	:a:	"Sweet Echo Wake"	Choral Class
	:b:	"Boat Song"	
5. RECITATION		"The Kitchen Clock"	Miss Grace C. Bell
		"She Liked Him Rale' Weel"	
6. SOLO		"We'd Better Bide a Wee"	Miss Jennie Adams
7. CORNET SOLO		Selected	Professor Rees
8. SONG		Selected	Miss Mary Levick

PART II.

9. SINGING	:a:	"The Merry Month of May"	Choral Class
	:b:	"Gentle Smiles"	
10. RECITATION		"Mr. Brown"	Miss Bessie Haskell
11. DIALOGUE		"The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town"	
12. SONG		Selected	Mrs. H. Hall
13. GYPSY CHORUS		-	Male Voices
14. RECITATION		"Der' Oak und der' Vine"	Miss Grace C. Bell
		"Mammy's Li'l' Boy"	
15. QUARTETTE		"Mr. and Mrs. DeSmythe Miss Angeline Tompkins and Mr. Bluffins"	
16. MUSIC		-	Orchestra

# Musical Entertainment

—BY—

## Choral Class,

### of the Church of the Holy Apostles,

21st and Christian Sts.

Thursday Evening, May 18th, 1893, at 8 o'clock.

#### PART I.

1	ORCHESTRA—OVERTURE—“The Hope of Alsace,”	<i>A. Herman.</i>
2	CHORUS,—“Come Tune the Lay.”	<i>Unknown.</i>
3	VIOLIN SOLO,—“Blue Bells of Scotland.” <i>Dr. Jno. P. Lower.</i>	<i>Morrison.</i>
4	RECITATION,—“Hieronymus Popp and the Baby,” <i>Miss Bessie Haskell.</i>	
5	SOPRANO SOLO,—“Nightengale Song,” <i>Miss Celia Patterson.</i>	
6	CHORUS,—“Oh Hush thee my Babie,”	<i>Sullivan.</i>
7	TENOR SOLO,—“Oh Promise me,” <i>Mr. Benj. W. Wilson.</i>	<i>DeKoven.</i>
8	DIALOGUE,—“A Woman’s way of doing it,” <i>Misses K. Baumann, B. Haskell, Mr. Benj. W. Wilson.</i>	

#### PART 2.

1	ORCHESTRA,—“Ninetta Waltzes,”	<i>C. W. Bennet.</i>
2	DUET,—“Swing Song,” <i>(Female Voices.)</i>	<i>Lohr.</i>
3	ALTO SOLO,—“Past and Future,” <i>Miss A. Gillespie.</i>	
4	RECITATION,—“Sandalphon,” <i>Miss Maude Cobb.</i>	
5	CHORUS, <i>a</i> ) There our Home shall be, <i>b</i> ) Spring Song,	<i>Stillman. S. W. M.</i>
6	BASS SOLO,—“I’m the King,” <i>Mr. I. W. Jones.</i>	<i>Thompson.</i>
7	CHORUS, <i>a</i> ) Ripe Strawberries, <i>b</i> ) Jingle go the Bells,	<i>Hatton. S. W. M.</i>
8	DIALOGUE,—“Jemima Ann’s dilemma,” <i>Misses M. Cobb, A. Gillespie, J. Dunlap, M. MacPherson, M. Haskell and Mr. W. Funston.</i>	
9	ORCHESTRA—MARCH—“Washington Post,”	<i>Sousa.</i>

# CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

Sunday-School  
Church of the Holy Apostles,  
Tuesday Evening, Dec. 26, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

### PART I.

1. ORCHESTRA—"Gleanings" Medley Overture . . . . .	F. Beyer
2. MALE CHORUS—"The Huntsman's Farewell" . . . . .	Mendelssohn
3. SOPRANO SOLO—"That Melody Divine" . . . . .	Crawford
4. OPERETTA—"The Silver Penny" . . . . .	Rockett
5. DIALOGUE—"Trying the Rose Act."	
SAMANTHA ALLEN . . . . .	Miss Adele Cobb.
JOSIAH ALLEN . . . . .	Mr. Walter Burt.
6. GYMNASTIC EXERCISES—Boys' Guild.	

### PART II.

1. ORCHESTRA—"Love's Golden Dream" . . . . .	Bonheur
2. MALE CHORUS—"The Three Chafers" . . . . .	Truhn
3. TABLEAUX—I.	
1. "Toilet of the Bride."	
2. "Parting of Orpheus and Eurydice."	
3. "Dance of the Muses."	
4. "The Graces."	
5. "Tribute to the Minotaur."	
6. "Love Awakening Memory."	
7. "Crowning of Bacchus."	
8. "Antigone and Ismene."	
9. "The Charms of Song."	
10. "Sacrifice of Iphigenia."	
11. "The Passions."	
12. "Music."	
13. "The Ten Virgins."	
14. "The Curtain of Night."	
4. GYMNASTIC EXERCISES—Members of St. Andrew's Brotherhood.	
5. ORCHESTRA—"The Belle of Chicago" . . . . .	Sousa

# \* \* CONCERT \* \*

—\*—By the—\*—

Choir of the Church of the Holy Apostles

Thursday Evening, January 12th, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

### PART △ FIRST.

1 PIANO DUO, "Grand Valse de Concert," Miss Bond and Miss Porter.	MALTIE
2 CHORUS, "The Viking's Song," The Choir.	FANNING
3 SOLO, "Selected," G. F. Bishop.	
4 VIOLIN SOLO, "Cavatina," Miss A. Grebe.	RAFF
5 SOLO, "The Nightingales Trill," M. Bradshaw.	GANZ
6 SIXTETTE, "We'll have to Mortgage the Farm," Mrs. Hall, Miss Adams, Miss Bond, Mr. Schiesser, Mr. Adams and Mr. Mathers.	LOCKWOOD
7 DIALOGUE, "Way Down East." Miss Williamson, M. Bradshaw, Miss Potter, Mr. Burt and Mr. Heaps.	

### PART △ SECOND.

1 CHORUS, "Yachting Glee," "Rain on the Roof," (by request) The Choir.	CULBERTSON CLARK
2 SOLO, "If you love me darling tell me with your eyes," Miss Adams.	SMITH
3 SOLO, "Bedouin Love Song," Mr. Schiesser.	PINSUTI
4 DUO, "Cheerfulness," M. Bradshaw and Miss Bond.	GUMBERT
5 CHORUS, "Tis Morn," The Choir.	GEIBLE
6 SCENE FROM "Box and Cox," Mr. Schiesser, Mr. Adams and Mr. Bishop.	SULLIVAN
7 QUARTETTE, "Good Night," Miss Adams, Miss Potter, Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Burt.	CELLERA

### Hymn 47.

"We have seen His Star in the East."

Sons of men, behold from far,  
Hail ! the long-expected star ;  
Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear :

Haste, for Him your hearts prepare:  
Meet Him manifested there.

There behold the Day-Spring rise,  
Pouring light upon your eyes :  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again,  
God descends on earth to reign,  
Deigns for man His life to employ ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

Address—The Assistant Reector,

### Hymn 42.

"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Hark ! the song of jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar :  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
Alleluia ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign ;  
Alleluia ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia ! hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :

See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;  
Sheathed His sword; He speaks,—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :  
Then the end ; beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Alleluia ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

Address—The Superintendent.

### Hymn 45.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ;  
As with joy they hail'd its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed ;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore :  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus ! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransom'd souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

Prayer and Benediction.

## Special Service.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES  
PHILADELPHIA.

# EPIPHANY.

Friday Evening, January 6th,

1893.

The new Prayer Book will be used for the first time in the Parish.

### Hymn 34.

"All the earth shall be filled with His majesty."

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression  
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth :  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
That Name to us is Love.

### Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

### Proper Psalms, 72—117—135.

### First Lesson. Isaiah 49, 1-14.

*Magnificat.*

My soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
For He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness of His handmaiden.  
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy, holy is His name.  
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength, shewed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seat ; and hath exalted the humble and meek.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.  
He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel : as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.

*Gloria Patri.*

### Second Lesson. Luke 3, 15-23.

*Benedic, Anima Mea.*

Praise the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, praise His holy Name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities.

Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

O, praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, ye that excel in strength : ye that fulfill His commandments, and hearken unto the voice of His word.

O, praise the Lord, all ye His hosts ; ye servants of His that do His pleasure.

O, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of His dominion ; praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

*Gloria Patri.*

### Creed, Collects, Etc.

### Anthem—Send out Thy light.

### Address—The Rector.

### Hymn 284.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;

And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns :  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King :  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

### Address—Rev. W. F. Ayer.

**Statement of the Work of the Guild and Synopsis of the Annual Report.**

**HYMN.**

*"O Blessed Lord Jesus."*

O blessed Lord Jesus, we sing to Thy praise,  
The sweetest glad songs that our voices can  
raise.  
With joy do we hasten, Thy coming to greet,  
And, hailing Thee Saviour, bend low at Thy  
feet.

**CHORUS.**

The Angels are singing Thy praise through  
the sky.  
Earth's glad voices ringing shall join theirs  
on high;  
Deep unto deep, calleth thanksgiving to raise,  
And mountains and valleys break forth into  
praise.

O blessed Lord Jesus, we heed not that Thou  
Hast come to the earth in humility now;

We know that the prophets and sages of old  
No glory and pomp at Thy coming foretold.

CHO.—The Angels are singing, etc.

O blessed Lord Jesus, Thy coming to earth  
Has given earth's children a glorious birth;  
Now God is our Father, our Brother Thou art.  
Make quickly Thy home in each fond waiting  
heart.

CHO.—The Angels are singing, etc.

O blessed Lord Jesus, bright star of the night,  
Make glad all the nations that walk in Thy  
light;  
Shine on in Thy brightness the heathen to  
bless,  
Till all tongues united Thy name shall confess.

CHO.—The Angels are singing, etc.

**Sermon by Rev. W. Neilson McVickar, D. D.**

*Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity.*

**Offertory for the Work of the Guild.**

**ANTHEM.—Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.**

**HYMN.**

O Light, Whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall,  
That lead our wandering feet astray :  
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
That youth may love, and age adore.

O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;  
In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

O truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To thee our earliest strength we vow ;

Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;  
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows ?  
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint ?  
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
Be thou our conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O Jesus, born mankind to save,  
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife ;  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave,  
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

**Prayer and Benediction.**

**CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES**

**PHILADELPHIA**

**ANNUAL SERMON**

**BEFORE THE**



**YOUNG  
WOMEN'S  
GUILD**

**Sunday Evening, January 8th**

**1893**

### HYMN.

From the eastern mountains  
Pressing on they come,  
Wise men in their wisdom  
To His humble home ;  
Stirred by deep devotion,  
Hasting from afar,  
Ever journeying onward,  
Guided by a star.  
Light of Light that shineth  
Ere the worlds began  
Draw Thou near, and lighten  
Every heart of man.

There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous Light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

Thou who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,  
Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Never have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way,  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Lead them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding Star.  
Light of Light, etc.

Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding Star.—  
Light of Light, etc.

Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesus follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home,  
Where nor sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.  
Light of Light that shineth  
Ere the worlds began,  
Draw Thou near, and lighten  
Every heart of man.

### General Confession, Declaration of Absolution, Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

### The Fourth Selection of Psalms.

#### Psalm 23. *Dominus regit me.*

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.  
He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.  
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou

art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.  
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full  
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

*Gloria Patri.*

#### Benedicam Dominum.

I will alway give thanks unto the Lord: his praise shall ever be in my mouth.  
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.  
O praise the Lord with me: and let us magnify his Name together.  
I sought the Lord, and he heard me: yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.  
They had an eye unto him, and were enlightened: and their faces were not ashamed.  
Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him: yea, and saith him out of all his troubles.  
The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him: and delivereth them.  
O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.  
O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints: for they that fear him lack nothing.  
The lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.  
Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.  
What man is he that lusteth to live: and would fain see good days?

Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips, that they speak no guile.  
Eschew evil, and do good: seek peace, and ensue it.

The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous: and his ears are open unto their prayers.  
The countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil: to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.  
The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them: and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart: and will save such as be of an humble spirit.

Great are the troubles of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of all.

He keepeth all his bones: so that not one of them is broken.

But misfortune shall slay the ungodly: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord delivereth the souls of his servants: and all they that put their trust in him shall not be destitute.

*Gloria Patri.*

#### Psalm 65. *Te decet Hymnus.*

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.  
Thou that hearest the prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

My misdeeds prevail against me: O be thou merciful unto our sins.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and receivest unto thee: he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation: thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains: and is girded about with power.

Who stilleth the raging of the sea: and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid at thy tokens:

thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it: thou makest it very plenteous.

The river of God is full of water: thou preparest their corn, for so thou providest for the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows: thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof: thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy clouds drop fatness.

They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness: and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

*Gloria Patri.*

### First Lesson. *Isaiah xlvi.*

#### *Magnificat.*

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand maiden.

For behold from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

### Second Lesson. *Romans x.*

#### *Nunc Dimittis.*

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

### Creed, Collects, Etc.

#### HYMN.

#### "Saw You Never in the Twilight."

Saw you never in the twilight,  
When the sun has left the skies,  
Up in Heaven the clear stars shining  
Through the gloom like silver eyes?  
So of old the wise men watching,  
Saw a little stranger star,

And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the Holy Child—

How they opened all their treasures,  
Kneeling to that infant King,  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know you not that lowly infant  
Was the Bright and Morning Star,  
He who came to light the Gentiles  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And we, too, may seek His cradle,  
There our hearts' best treasure bring—  
Love and faith and true devotion,  
For our Saviour, God, and King.

### Hymn.

Lord of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy word !  
Oh, let the Gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found !  
God speed His word !

Hail, blessed Jubilee !  
Thine, Lord, the glory be;  
Alleluia !  
Thine was the mighty plan;  
From Thee the work began;  
Away with praise of man !  
Glory to God !

Lo, what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's holy word !  
One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band:  
God shield His word !

Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force;  
God is before.  
His words ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun;  
His purpose must be done;  
God bless His word !

### Prayer and Benediction.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

### SERVICES :

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Wednesday Evenings, 8 o'clock

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Teachers' Meeting, Fridays, 8 P.M.

Holy Communion, First Sunday in the Month.

Infant Baptism, Fourth Sunday in the Month.

Devotional Meeting, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, every First Sunday Morning  
of the Month, at 10 o'clock.

## Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion

Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

Sundays, 10.30 A. M., 7.45 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

Holy Communion, Second Sunday in the Month.

Infant Baptism, First Sunday in the Month.

## CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

PHILADELPHIA

## Special Epiphany Service

Sunday Evening, January 22

1893

### Hymn.

Songs of thankfulness and praise,  
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,  
Manifested by the star  
To the sages from afar;  
Branch of royal David's stem  
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;  
And at Cana, wedding-guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest;  
Manifest in power divine,  
Changing water into wine;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the devil's might;

Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in Man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,  
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;  
Christ will then like lightning shine,  
All will see His glorious sign;  
All will then the trumpet hear;  
All will see the Judge appear;  
Thou by all wilt be confessed,  
God in Man made manifest;

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Present in Thy holy word;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou;  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in Man made manifest.

Service as found in the Prayer Book.

### Offerory.

#### ANTHEM - "O Zion That Bringeth Good Tidings."

Within the Father's house  
The Son hath found His home;  
And to His temple suddenly  
The Lord of Life hath come.

The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.

Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the earthly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.

The secret of the Lord  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pondering hearts await  
The full Epiphany.

Lord, visit Thou our souls  
And teach us by Thy grace,  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;

Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day.

### Address.

### Hymn.

O one with God the Father  
In majesty and might,  
The brightness of His glory,  
Eternal Light of Light;  
O'er this our home of darkness  
Thy rays are streaming now;  
The shadows flee before Thee,  
The world's true Light art Thou.

Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:  
O heavenly Light, arise!  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes!

We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod:  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee our God.

O Jesus, shine around us  
With radiance of Thy grace;  
O Jesus, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face.  
We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of Righteousness.

### Address.

### Hymn.

Fierce was the storm of wind,  
The surging waves ran high,  
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear,  
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

But at the stern rebuke  
Of Thy almighty word,  
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,  
And owned Thee God and Lord.

So, now, when depths of sin  
Our souls with terrors fill,  
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,  
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

When death's dark sea we cross,  
Be with us in Thy power,  
Nor let the water-floods prevail  
In that dread trial-hour.

And, when amid the signs,  
Which speak Thine Advent near,  
The roaring of the sea and waves  
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

May we all undismayed  
The raging tempest see,  
Lift up our heads and hail with joy  
Thy great Epiphany.

### Address.

**PRAYER.**

**HYMN.**

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
For the day is passing by ;  
See ! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances ;  
Shall it be the night of rest ?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calm all these wild alarms ;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;  
Tarry with me through the darkness ;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning ; then awake me !  
Morning of eternal rest.

**BENEDICTION.**

## Church of the Holy Apostles

**SERVICES, ETC. DURING LENT.**

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M. Wednesday and Friday Evenings, 8 o'clock.  
Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, 10.30 A.M., 8 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Teachers' Meeting, Friday Evenings after the Service.  
Young Women's Guild, Tuesday Evenings.  
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Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

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Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

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*CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES*

**PHILADELPHIA**

# Special Pre-Lenten Service

**QUINQUAGESIMA**

**Sunday Evening, February 12th**

**1893**

### HYMN.

At even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met !  
Oh, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near ;  
What if Thy form we cannot see ?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had.

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free ;

And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin ;  
And they who fain would love Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man ;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

### Service as found in the Prayer Books.

### Offertory in Aid of the Thirtieth Ward Relief Association.

### ANTHEM, - - Palm Branches.

### HYMN.

O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend !  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my guide.

Oh, let me feel Thee near me !  
The world is ever near ;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear ;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within ;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

Oh, let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will !

Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control !  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou guardian of my soul !

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be ;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Oh, give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend !

Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant my own !  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end !  
At last in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend !

### ADDRESS.

### HYMN.

What time the evening shadows fall  
Around the Church on earth,  
When darker forms of doubt appall,  
And new false lights have birth ;  
Then closer should her faithful band  
For truth together hold,  
Hell's last devices to withstand,  
And safely guard her fold

O Father, in that hour of fear,  
Fail not Thy Church to keep,  
Thy altar to the last to rear,  
And feed Thy fainting sheep :  
May she the holy truths attest,  
Apostles taught of yore,  
Nor quit the faith by saints confess,  
But love it more and more.

O Christ, Who for Thy flock didst pray,  
That all might be as one,  
Unite us all ere fades the day,  
Thou sole-begotten Son ;  
The East, the West, together bind  
In love's unbroken chain ;  
Give each one hope, one heart, one mind,  
One glory, and one gain.

O Spirit, Lord of light and life,  
The Church with strength renew,  
Compose the angry voice of strife,  
All jealousies subdue :  
Do Thou in ever-quicken streams  
Upon Thy saints descend,  
And warm them with reviving beams,  
And guide them to the end.

### ADDRESS.

### HYMN.

Sing, ye faithful ! sing with gladness !  
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain !  
With the praises of your Saviour  
Let His house resound again !  
Him let all your music honor,  
And your songs exalt His reign !

Sing how He came forth from heaven,  
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,  
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,  
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,  
Passed within the gates of darkness,  
Thence His banished one's to save !

So He tasted death for all men,  
He of all mankind the Head,  
Sinless One among the sinful,

Prince of life among the dead ;  
So He wrought the full redemption,  
And the captor captive led.

Now on high, yet ever with us,  
From His Father's throne, the Son  
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,  
Till the appointed work be done,  
Till He see, renewed and perfect,  
All things gathered into one.

Day of promised restitution !  
Fruit of all His sorrows past !  
When the crown of His dominions  
He before the throne shall cast,  
And throughout the wide creation  
God be "all in all" at last.

ADDRESS.

HYMN.

Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,  
Ere we lay us down to sleep;  
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one,  
Down before the cross we cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep us through this night of peril  
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;

Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
When our pilgrimage is made.

None can measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None can bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

Pardon all our past transgressions,  
Give us strength for days to come;  
Guide and Guard us with Thy blessing  
Till Thine angels bear us home.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Church of the Holy Apostles

SERVICES, ETC. DURING LENT.

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Teachers' Meeting, Friday Evenings after the Service.  
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Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

Sundays, 10.30 A.M., 7.45 P.M.

Sunday School, 2.30 P.M.

Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

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CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

PHILADELPHIA



First Special  
Lenten Service



Sunday Evening, February 26th,

1893

### **HYMN.**

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,  
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When all human help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

**Service as found in the New Standard Prayer Book.**

### **OFFERTORY.**

### **ANTHEM, O Lord, my trust is in Thy Mercy.**

### **HYMN.**

Only one prayer to-day,  
One earnest, tearful plea;  
A litany from out the heart,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.  
  
Although my sin is great,  
Still to my God I flee:  
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."  
  
Because of Jesus' cross,  
And that unfathomed sea,

The crimson tide which laves the world,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.  
  
No other Name than His,  
My hope, my help may be:  
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.  
  
In garb of sorrow clad  
I crave Thy pardon free;  
In life to die, in death to live;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

### **ADDRESS.**

### **HYMN.**

To-day Thy mercy calls us  
To wash away our sin,  
However great our trespass,  
Whatever we have been;  
However long from mercy  
Our hearts have turned away,  
Thy precious blood can cleanse us,  
And make us white to-day.

To-day Thy gate is open,  
And all who enter in  
Shall find a Father's welcome,  
And pardon for their sin.  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present joy be given,  
A future grace be promised,  
A glorious crown in heaven.

To-day our Father calls us,  
His Holy Spirit waits;  
His blessed angels gather  
Around the heavenly gates:  
No question will be asked us  
How often we have come;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's home.

Oh, all-embracing mercy !  
Oh, ever-open door !  
What should we do without Thee  
When heart and eyes run o'er ?  
When all things seem against us,  
To drive us to despair,  
We know one gate is open,  
One ear will hear our prayer.

### **ADDRESS.**

### **HYMN.**

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;  
Heal me, and my pardon seal,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in love send Thou me aid,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

Helpless, none can help me now;  
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;  
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
To Thee do I now appeal,  
For Thy mercies' sake.

## ADDRESS.

### HYMN.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;

And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where*;  
Until Thy blessed Face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

## Church of the Holy Apostles SERVICES, ETC. DURING LENT.

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Twenty-seventh and Wharton Streets.

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Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

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## Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA

# Second Special Lenten Service

Sunday Evening, March 19th

1893

### HYMN.

More love to Thee, O Christ !  
More love to Thee !  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee ;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest ;  
Now Thee alone I seek ;  
Give what is best :  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee !  
More love to Thee !

Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain ;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise ;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

### Service as found in the New Standard Prayer Book.

### OFFERTORY.

### ANTHEM, Jesus lover of my Soul.

### HYMN.

Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
Speaks to each one, " Lov'st Thou Me ? "

He delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be ;  
Yet will He remember thee.

His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partners of His throne shall be ;  
Hear Him asking, " Lov'st thou Me ? "

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love Thee and adore ;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more !

### ADDRESS.

### HYMN.

" Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."  
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts opprest !  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love that cannot cease.

" Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light."  
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night !  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But He has brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

" Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife !  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long ;  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

" And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt !  
Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, O Lord, to Thee,

### ADDRESS.

### HYMN.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there !  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone !  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown !  
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
May ever act, word, thought, be love !

O love, how cheering is thy ray !  
All pain before thy presence flies :  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !

Still let Thy love point out my way !  
What wondrous things Thy love hath  
wrought !  
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love and peace :  
In weakness, be Thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark, final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end.

*Hymn.*

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness ;  
God hath brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness ;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters ;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters,

'Tis the spring of souls to-day ;  
Christ hath burst His prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen ;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

*Address.*

*Hymn.*

Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
'Tis finished ! all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin.  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

*Address.*

*Hymn.*

Light's abode, celestial Salem,  
Vision whence true peace doth spring,  
Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
Mansion of the highest King ;  
Oh, how glorious are the praises  
Which of Thee the prophets sing !

There forever and forever  
Alleluia is outpoured ;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord ;  
All is pure and all is holy  
That within Thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapor  
Dims the brightness of the air ;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,

*Collects and Benediction.*

Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render ;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesu's resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold Thee as a mortal :  
But to-day amidst Thine own  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That Thy peace which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.

# CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

PHILADELPHIA

SECOND SPECIAL

# EASTERTIDE \* SERVICE

APRIL 23d, 1893

Third Sunday After Easter

7.45 P. M.



## Order of Service.

### HYMN.

Jesus, our risen King,  
Glory to Thee we sing,  
Praising Thy Name :  
Thy love and grace adore,  
Which all our sorrows bore ;  
Singing for evermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

Oh, haste, ye ransomed race !  
For all His gifts of grace  
Praise ye His Name :  
He wondrous things hath done ;  
Triumph o'er death hath won ;  
Heaven's gate hath open thrown ;  
"Worthy the Lamb."

Come, all ye hosts above !  
Join in one song of love,  
Praising His Name :  
To Him ascribed be  
Honor and majesty  
Through all eternity :  
"Worthy the Lamb."

Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Praise to Thy Name :  
Father, Thy love we bless ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
We praise Thee and confess,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

### General Confession.

### Lord's Prayer.

### Versicles.

### The Twentieth Selection of Psalms.

Psalms 148, 149, 150.

Psalm cxlviii.

O praise the Lord of heaven ; praise him in the heights.

Praise him, all ye angels of his : praise him, all his hosts.

Praise him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars and light.

Praise him, all ye heavens, and ye waters that are above the heavens.

Let them praise the Name of the Lord : for he spake the word, and they were made ; he commanded, and they were created.

He hath made them fast for ever and ever : he hath given them a law which shall not be broken.

Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire and hail, snow and vapors, wind and storm, fulfilling his word :

Mountains and all hills ; fruitful trees and all cedars :

Beasts and all cattle ; worms and feathered fowls :

Kings of the earth and all people ; princes and all judges of the world :

Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord : for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.

He shall exalt the horn of his people ; all his saints shall praise him : even the children of Israel, even the people that serveth him.—

*Gloria Patri.*

Psalm cxlix.

*Cantate Domino.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song ; let the congregation of saints praise him.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him, and let the children of Sion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his Name in the dance : let them sing praises unto him with tabret and harp.

For the Lord hath pleasure in his people, and helpeth the meek-hearted.

Let the saints be joyful with glory ; let them rejoice in their beds.

Let the praises of God be in their mouth ; and a two-edged sword in their hands :

To be avenged of the heathen, and to rebuke the people :

To bind their kings in chains, and their nobles with links of iron.

That they may be avenged of them ; as it is written. Such honor have all his saints.

*Gloria Patri.*

Psalms cl.

*Laudate Dominum.*

O Praise God in his holiness : praise him in the firmament of his power.  
Praise him in his noble acts : praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet : praise him upon the lute and harp.  
Praise him in the cymbals and dances : praise him upon the strings and pipe.  
Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals : praise him upon the loud cymbals.  
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.  
*Gloria Patri.*

### First Lesson. Micah 3. v. 9-4-1-8.

*Magnificat.*

My soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.  
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is his name.  
And his mercy is on them that fear him : throughout all generations.  
He hath shewed strength with his arm : he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich he hath sent empty away.  
He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.  
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

### Second Lesson. Colossian's. 3.

*Nunc Dimittis.*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace : according to thy word.  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the glory of thy people Israel,  
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

### Creed and Prayers.

### Offertory.

### Anthem. "Ye shall go out with joy."

### Hymn.

Sing, with all the sons of glory,  
Sing the resurrection-song !  
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
To the "former days" belong.  
Even now the dawn is breaking,  
Soon the night of time shall cease,  
And, in God's own likeness waking,  
Man shall know eternal peace.

Oh, what glory, far exceeding !  
All that eye has yet perceived !  
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
Never that full joy conceived.  
God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
There on high our welcome waits ;  
Every humble spirit shares it ;  
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

"Life Eternal!" Heaven rejoices,  
Jesus lives Who once was dead ;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
Child of God, lift up thy head.  
Patriarchs from distant ages,  
Saints all longing for their heaven,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
All await the glory given.

"Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders  
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,  
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
Saints shall stand before the throne !  
Oh ! to enter that bright portal,  
See that glowing firmament,  
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

### Address.

*Address.*

*Carol.*

*Hear, O hear the Glad Bells Ringing.*

Hear, O hear the glad bells ringing  
On this glorious Christmas morn;  
Heav'ly tidings they are bringing,  
Christ the lord to us is born.

*Cho.—O the glory of the story,  
To the watching, waiting throng;  
Christ the Lord has come to save us;  
O the sweetness of the song!*

Meek and lowly, in the manger,  
Slept the royal King of kings;  
If you are to Him a stranger,  
Heed the message that He brings.—*Cho.*

Still ring out, ye bells of gladness,  
Speed the echo far and near;  
Scatter sin, and wrong, and sadness,  
Tell the people Christ is here.—*Cho.*

*Address.*

*Carol.*

*Long Ago, at Early Dawning.*

Long ago, at early dawning  
Watching shepherds saw a star  
In the light of Christmas morning,  
Lo, they followed it afar.  
When they reached the stable lowly,  
Then they saw the new-born King,  
Whom the choir of angels holy  
Ever worship while they sing.

*Cho.—Sing, oh, sing in accents holy,  
Raise, oh, raise the joyful strain,  
Though a babe so weak and lowly,  
O'er the world He comes to reign.*

Twine, ye wreaths, the day to brighten,  
Add each charm that man can know,

Sing ye songs the heart to lighten,  
Jesus lives with man below.  
He came down to earth from Heaven,  
As a feeble babe He came  
That our sins might be forgiven,  
Let us praise His holy name.—*Cho.*

In the heav'ns the angel choir  
Sings the praise of Christ new-born;  
Theirs are songs that never tire,  
New they sound each Christmas morn.  
Sing we then our sweetest number  
To the Son of God who came  
While the world was wrapped in slumber,  
Ever blessed be His name.—*Cho.*

*Address.*

*Carol.*

*Hark! those Strains so Sweetly Falling.*

Hark! those strains, so sweetly falling,  
On that festal morn!  
To our hearts are they recalling  
Christ, our King, was born.  
He has come to give a blessing  
To the poor, the sad;  
He has come with kind caressing,  
Making children glad.

*Cho.—Hark! those strains, so sweetly falling,  
On that festal morn!  
To our hearts are they recalling  
Christ, our King, was born.*

Hie we to the lowly manger,  
At the village inn;  
Let us greet the little stranger,  
Saving all from sin;  
Let us bring a precious treasure,  
Like the wise of old;

Love sincere and without measure,  
Better far than gold.—*Cho.*

What though wintry winds are blowing  
Leaves from off the tree,  
And no more the flocks are lowing  
On the upland lea;  
Christ each little lamb is tending,  
Folding it with care:  
From the storms of life defending,  
From its chilly air.—*Cho.*

May those angels, at the dawning,  
Singing in the sky,  
Ever with a kindly warning  
Bid the tempter fly.  
When no more on earth is given  
Joys we've shared to-day,  
May those messengers of heaven  
Bear our souls away.—*Cho.*

*Prayer and Benediction.*

# CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

PHILADELPHIA



## SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SERVICE OF SONG



SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1ST

1893

### Hymn 22.

"Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold;  
Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

### Lord's Prayer and Versicles.

#### Selections from Proper Psalms for Christmas Day.

From Psalm lxxxix.

My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord; with my mouth will I ever be showing thy truth from one generation to another.

For I have said, Mercy shall be set up for ever; thy truth shalt thou establish in the heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen; I have sworn unto David my servant;

Thy seed will I establish forever, and set up thy throne from one generation to another.

For the Lord is our defence; the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions unto thy saints, and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted One chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.

My hand shall hold him fast, and my arm shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not be able to do him violence; the son of wickedness shall not hurt him.

I will smite his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

My truth also and my mercy shall be with him; and in my Name shall his horn be exalted.

I will set his dominion also in the sea, and his right hand in the floods.

He shall call me, Thou art my Father, my God, and my strong salvation.

And I will make him my First-born, higher than the kings of the earth.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.

But if his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments;

If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; I will visit their offences with the rod, and their sin with scourges.

Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my truth to fail.

My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips; I have sworn once by my holiness, that I will not fail David.

His seed shall endure for ever, and his seat is like as the sun before me.

He shall stand fast for evermore as the moon, and as the faithful witness in heaven.

Gloria Patri.

Psalm cx.

The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power out of Sion: be thou ruler, even in the midst among thine enemies.

In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The Lord sware, and will not repent, Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedech.

The Lord upon thy right hand shall wound even kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies, and smite in sunder the heads over divers countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head.

Gloria Patri.

From Psalm cxxxii.

Lord, remember David, and all his trouble: How he swore unto the Lord, and vowed a vow unto the Almighty God of Jacob;

I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house, nor climb up into my bed;

I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber; neither the temples of my head to take any rest;

Until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord; an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

Lo, we heard of the same at Ephrata, and found it in the wood.

We will go into his tabernacle, and fall low on our knees before his footstool.

Arise, O Lord, into thy resting-place; thou and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints sing with joyfulness.

For thy servant David's sake, turn not away the presence of thine Anointed.

The Lord hath made a faithful oath unto David, and he shall not shrink from it;

Of the fruit of thy body shall I set upon thy seat

If thy children will keep my covenant, and my testimonies that I shall learn them; their children also shall sit upon thy seat for evermore.

Gloria Patri.

### First Lesson. Isaiah xl.

Magnificat.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
For He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness of His handmaiden.  
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy, holy is His name.  
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength, shewed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever.—*Gloria Patri.*

### Second Lesson. Hebrews ii.

Benedic, Anima Mea.

Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy Name.  
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits;  
Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities.  
Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

O, praise the Lord, ye Angels of His, ye that excel in strength: ye that fulfil His commandments, and hearken unto the voice of His word.

O, praise the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye servants of His that do His pleasure.

O, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of His dominion; praise thou the Lord. O my soul.—*Gloria Patri.*

### Creed, Collects, etc.

### Offertory.

### Anthem,

### O Holy Night.

### Carol.

Beautiful Bells, that Sweetly Chime.

Beautiful bells, that sweetly chime  
Over the world, at Christmas time;  
Ages long past your strains recall,  
Bearing good will and peace to all.

Cho.—Beautiful bells, beautiful bells,  
Beautiful bells with silver chime;  
Over the earth in tones sublime,  
Cheerily ring the Christmas time.

Beautiful bells that sweetly say,  
Jesus, the Lord, is born to-day;

Come to His lowly manger-bed,  
Come with a light and loving tread.—Cho.

Beautiful bells, no sound so dear,  
Tenderly now our souls draw near;  
Carols of love once more we raise,  
Carols of joy and thankful praise.—Cho.

Beautiful bells, till time shall end,  
Sweetly as now your songs shall blend;  
Joyfully still your tones shall say:  
Jesus, the Lord, is born to-day.—Cho.

### Hymn 678

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea ;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes :

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

### Address

### Anthem—"The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away"

The radiant morn hath pass'd away,  
And spent too soon her golden store ;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon, how quickly past !

Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,  
Safe home at last,  
Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

### Address

### Hymn 404

I heard a sound of voices  
Around the great white throne,  
With harpers harping on their harps  
To him that sat thereon :  
"Salvation, glory, honor!"  
I heard the song arise,  
As through the courts of heaven it rolled  
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,  
And nations from afar,  
As serried ranks returning home  
In triumph from a war.  
I heard the saints upraising,  
The myriad hosts among,  
In praise of Him who died and lives,  
Their one glad triumph-song.

I saw the holy city,  
The New Jerusalem,  
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned  
With jewelled diadem ;  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street ;  
And nations brought their honors there,  
And laid them at her feet.

And there no sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night,  
God's glory did enlighten all,  
The Lamb Himself, the light ;  
And there His servants serve Him,  
And life's long battle o'er,  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King.  
They reign forevermore.

O great and glorious vision !  
The Lamb upon His throne ;  
O wondrous sight for man to see !  
The Saviour with His own :  
To drink the living waters  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death  
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God who reignest !  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth  
Which now we see from far !  
O worthy Judge eternal !  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
And call Thy servants home.

### Collects from the Order for the Burial of the Dead

### Benediction

## Sunday School and Bible Classes

OF THE

## Church of the Holy Apostles

.. Philadelphia ..



## Annual Memorial Service



## Sunday following All Saints' Day

November 3, 1895



# Order

## Hymn 176

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest,  
Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their might :  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.  
Alleluia.

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia.

## Selection

(FROM PROPER PSALMS FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY)

Psalm I. *Beatus vir qui non abiit*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in his law will he exercise himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside, that will bring forth his fruit in due season.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia.

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Alleluia !

Psalm XV. *Domine, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle ?  
or who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life,  
and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue,  
nor done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly

in his own eyes, and maketh much of them  
that fear the Lo'd.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fail.

*Gloria Patri.*

## Creed



## Collect for the Day

## Collect for All Saints' Day

## Collect for Easter Even



## The Lord's Prayer



## Hymn 175

No roaring billows lift their head :  
O happy saints ! forever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest !

The saints of God their vigil keep,  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies :  
O happy saints ! rejoice and sing :  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King !

O God of saints ! To Thee we cry ;  
O Saviour ! plead for us on high ;  
O Holy Ghost ! our guide and friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;  
That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee !

## Memorial Book

# Organ Recital

Church of the Holy Apostles

THURSDAY EVE. FEB. 1, 1894

## Part One.

1. VOLUNTARY	MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS	
2. ADAGIO CANTABILE	MISS ANNA RICHARDSON	Hadyn
3. OVERTURE TO WILLIAM TELL	MR. THOMAS L. BROWN	Rossini
4. TENOR SOLO, "COME UNTO ME,"	MR. GEORGE F. BISHOP	W. Coener
5. LARGO—ALLEGRO (From Sonata in D Minor)	MISS MAY PORTER	Alex. Guilmante
6. OFFERTORY IN D-FLAT	MR. HARRY S. SHIMWELL	Salome
7. POSTLUDE	MISS JENNIE S. BOND	Th. Stern

## Part Two.

1. MENUETTO	MISS IRENE KYLE	Berthold Tours
2. PASTORALE	MR. THOMAS L. BROWN	L. Wely
3. (a) PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN E MINOR (b) CANTILENA	MISS MAY PORTER	J. S. Bach Alonzo Stone, Mus. Bac.
4. OFFERTORY IN D-FLAT	MR. HARRY S. SHIMWELL	Bruce
5. TENOR SOLO	MR. GEORGE F. BISHOP	Selected
6. REVERIE	MISS JENNIE S. BOND	J. V. Flager
7. VOLUNTARY	MR. GEORGE C. THOMAS	

THE audience will kindly understand, owing to the fact that this is a consecrated building, that no applause will be permitted.

#### CHORUS

No sacrifice of blood we offer Thee,  
No seethed kid upon Thy altar place;  
But golden grain and ruddy fruit from tree,  
And fragrant herbs and odorous flowers shall grace  
Thy house which Christ hath sanctified,  
Thy church for which the Lamb of God hath died,  
The fullness of the earth, O Lord, is Thine:  
Accept the gifts we lay upon Thy shrine.

#### HYMN 657

When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.  
Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.  
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.  
Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.  
When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.  
Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!—*Amen.*

#### RECITATIVE

"Young men and maidens, old men and children,  
let them praise the name of the Lord; for His name  
only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and  
earth."

#### CHANT OF YOUNG MEN

With faith, O Lord, in Thee  
We sowed the seeds in spring;  
With hope, O Lord, in Thee  
We watched them ripening.  
In faith, O Lord, we reaped,  
Toiling from morn till even;  
And in the garners heaped  
What Thy great love hath given.

#### HYMN 192

Praise to God, immortal praise  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;  
All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow.  
All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripening grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.  
Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening streams  
Pure religion's holier beams;  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.  
As Thy prospering hand hath blessed,  
May we give Thee of our best:  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.—*Amen.*

#### RECITATIVE

"O all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the  
Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever!  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou  
hast perfected praise."

#### PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

#### CHANT OF MAIDENS AND CHILDREN

The flowers that are fairest in beauty and bloom,  
The flowers that are rarest in hue and perfume,  
From the field and the garden we bring here to-day  
In their bloom and their beauty with praises to lay.

Lilies as pure and as white as the snow;  
"Consider the lilies," said Christ, "how they grow.  
Not Solomon's self on his throne could compare,  
In his glory arrayed, with those lilies so fair."

Roses, the song-theme of poet and seer,  
In their richness and brightness we offer up here,  
Types of the love of the bride and bridegroom,  
Whose coming the desert as roses made bloom.

Then be not o'er-careful for raiment or food,  
For God shall supply what is needful and good,  
Who clotheth the field with its herbage and flowers  
And blesseth the earth with His sunshine and showers.

#### HYMN

We plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love.

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star.  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And what thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love.—*Amen.*

#### RECITATIVE

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest,  
cold and heat, summer and winter, and day  
and night shall not cease."

#### CHANT OF OLD MEN

While the earth remaineth,  
So the Lord ordaineth,  
Seed-time, harvest, heat and cold,  
Spring, summer, winter as of old  
Shall return and never cease,  
And still the earth shall yield her fruits' increase.

So hath it been from time of yore,  
So shall it be for evermore.  
As our fathers did, we do,  
So shall our children's children, too,  
Plough and sow, and reap secure,  
And praise the Lord, whose mercy doth endure.  
Hallelujah! Amen.

## Church of the Holy Apostles

...Philadelphia...

# Harvest Thanksgiving Service

...Sunday Evening...

November 17th, 1895

#### HYMN 516

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before!  
Christ the royal Master  
Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
    Onward, Christian soldiers,  
    Marching as to war,  
    With the cross of Jesus  
    Going on before !

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee ;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
    On to victory !  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise !  
    Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;

#### GENERAL CONFESSION, DECLARATION OF ABSOLUTION, LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

#### PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.  
He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the

#### PSALM 34

I will always give thanks unto the Lord : his praise shall ever be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O praise the Lord with me : and let us magnify his Name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me : yea, he delivered me out of all my fear.

They had an eye unto him, and were lightened : and their faces were not ashamed.

Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him: yea, and saith him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear him : and delivereth them.

O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints : for they that fear him lack nothing.

The lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

Come, ye children, and hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

#### PSALM 65

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou that hearest the prayer : unto thee shall all flesh come.

My misdeeds prevail against me : O be thou merciful unto our sins.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and receivest unto thee : he shall dwell in thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation ; thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.

Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains : and is girded about with power.

Who stilleth the raging of the sea : and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.

We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
    Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain :  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people !  
Join our happy throng !  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song !  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King ;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before !—Amen.

shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—*Gloria Patri.*

What man is he that lusteth to live : and would fain see good days ?

Keep thy tongue from evil : and thy lips, that they speak no guile.

Eschew evil, and do good : seek peace, and ensue it.

The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous : and his ears are open unto their prayers.

The countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil ; to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them : and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart : and will save such as be of an humble spirit.

Great are the troubles of the righteous : but the Lord delivereth him out of all.

He keepeth all his bones : so that not one of them is broken.

But misfortune shall slay the ungodly : and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord delivereth the souls of his servants : and all they that put their trust in him shall not be desititute.—*Gloria Patri.*

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth shall be afraid of thy tokens : thou that makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to praise thee.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it : thou makest it very plenteous.

The river of God is full of water : thou preparest their corn, for so thou providest for the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows ; thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof : thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness : and thy clouds drop fatness.

They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness : and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

The folds shall be full of sheep : the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.—*Gloria Patri.*

#### FIRST LESSON—PROVERBS II

##### CANTATE DOMINO

O sing unto the Lord a new song : for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm : hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation : his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel : and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands : sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

#### SECOND LESSON—I JOHN, 2

##### DEUS MISERERATUR

God be merciful unto us, and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us :

That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for thou shalt

##### CREED, COLLECTS, ETC.

##### HYMN 408

There is the throne of David ;  
And there from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest !  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest—*Amen.*

#### ADDRESS BY THE REV. HENRY S. GETZ

#### HARVEST CANTATA

Words by John Francis Waller, LL.D.

Music by G. Garrett, M.A., Mus. D.

The Congregation is requested to join in the Singing of the Hymns.

##### RECITATIVE

"And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, even of the first fruits of wheat harvest. After thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor, and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast."

##### CHORUS

Come, let us keep our harvest feast  
With thanksgiving of the best.  
As our first fruits unto God.  
That which in the field we'd sown  
In the spring time, when the sod  
Our ploughs upturned, has waxed and grown  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
From tender blade to ripened grain ;  
And we have reaped, and we have stored  
So let us give unto the Lord,  
That all our labors so hath blessed,  
A thankful offering of the best.

##### HYMN 193

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home :  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin.

God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied,  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto his His praise to yield,  
Wheat and tares together sown,

Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :

Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;

From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;

Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast ;

But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
To thy final harvest-home ;

Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,

There for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide :

Come, with all Thine angels, come ;

Raise the glorious harvest-home.—*Amen.*

### Hymn 323

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free :  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth :

Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.  
Kings shall bow down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest ;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His Name shall stand forever,  
His changeless Name of Love.

### Address by the Rector, Rev. Henry S. Getz

#### Selection from the Oratorio of the Messiah by the Choral Society of the Parish

##### CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

##### AIR (ALTO) AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain : O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength ; lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God !

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

##### AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem ! behold, thy king cometh unto thee !

He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

##### CHORUS.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder ; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the

### Hymn 450

All hail the power of Jesus' Name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all !

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call :  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all !

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call ;  
The God incarnate ! Man divine !  
And crown Him Lord of all !

Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

##### PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

##### AIR.—(ALTO.)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd ; and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

##### AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

##### CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH : for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

KING OF KINGS, LORD OF LORDS.  
HALLELUJAH !

### Benediction

# CHURCH

OF THE

# HOLY APOSTLES

• • PHILADELPHIA • •

## SPECIAL SERVICE

FOR



The Epiphany

MONDAY EVENING

JANUARY 6, 1896

## Hymn 65

As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light;  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

## General Confession, Declaration of Absolution, Lord's Prayer and Versicles

### Proper Psalms for the Epiphany

#### PSALM LXXII.

Give the King thy judgments, O God :  
and thy righteousness unto the King's son.

Then shall he judge thy people according unto right: and defend the poor.

The mountains also shall bring peace: and the little hills righteousness unto the people.

He shall keep the simple folk by their right: defend the children of the poor, and punish the wrong doer.

They shall fear thee, as long as the sun and moon endureth: from one generation to another.

He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool: even as the drops that water the earth.

In his time shall the righteous flourish: yea, and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.

His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other: and from the flood unto the world's end.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before him: his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents: the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.

All kings shall fall down before him : all nations shall do him service.

For he shall deliver the poor when he crieth : the needy also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall be favourable to the simple and needy : and shall preserve the souls of the poor.

He shall deliver their souls from falsehood and wrong : and dear shall their blood be in his sight.

He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Arabia : prayer shall be made ever unto him, and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be an heap of corn in the earth, high upon the hills : his fruit shall shake like Libanus, and shall be green in the city like grass upon the earth.

His Name shall endure for ever ; his Name shall remain under the sun among the posterities : which shall be blessed through him ; and all the heathen shall praise him.

Blessed be the Lord God, even the God of Israel : which only doeth wondrous things ;

And blessed be the Name of his majesty for ever : and all the earth shall be filled with his majesty. Amen, Amen.

*Gloria Patri.*

## Psalms—Continued

#### PSALM CXVII.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen : praise him, all ye nations.

For his merciful kindness is ever more and more toward us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

*Gloria Patri.*

#### PSALM CXXXV.

O praise the Lord, laud ye the Name of the Lord ; praise it, O ye servants of the Lord ;

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord: in the courts of the house of our God.

O praise the Lord, for the Lord is gracious : O sing praises unto his Name, for it is lovely.

For why? the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself and Israel for his own possession.

For I know that the Lord is great: and that our Lord is above all gods.

Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth : and in the sea, and in all deep places.

He bringeth forth the clouds from the ends of the world: and sendeth forth lightnings with the rain, bringing the winds out of his treasures.

He smote the first-born of Egypt: both of man and beast.

He hath sent tokens and wonders into

#### First Lesson. Isaiah 49 to v. 14

#### Magnificat

My soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded : the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm:

#### Second Lesson. Luke 3, v. 15 to 23

#### Nunc Dimittis

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace : according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen : thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared : before the face of all people :

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

*Gloria Patri.*

#### Creed, Collects, Etc.

### HYMN 678

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

*Amen.*

### ADDRESS



### ANTHEM—"THE RADIANT MORN HATH PASSED AWAY"

The radiant morn hath pass'd away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon, how quickly past!

Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,  
'Safe home at last,  
Where saints are clothed in spotless  
white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light  
Art Lord of all.

### ADDRESS



### HYMN 404

And there no sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night,  
God's glory did enlighten all,  
The Lamb Himself, the light;  
And there His servants serve Him,  
And life's long battle o'er,  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,  
They reign forevermore.

O great and glorious vision!  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
O wondrous sight for man to see!  
The Saviour with His own:  
To drink the living waters  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death  
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God who reignest!  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth  
Which now we see from far!  
O worthy Judge eternal!  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
And call Thy servants home. *Amen.*

I heard a sound of voices  
Around the great white throne,  
With harpers harping on their harps  
To him that sat thereon:  
"Salvation, glory, honor!"

I heard the song arise,  
As through the courts of heaven it rolled  
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,  
And nations from afar,  
As serried ranks returning home,  
In triumph from a war.

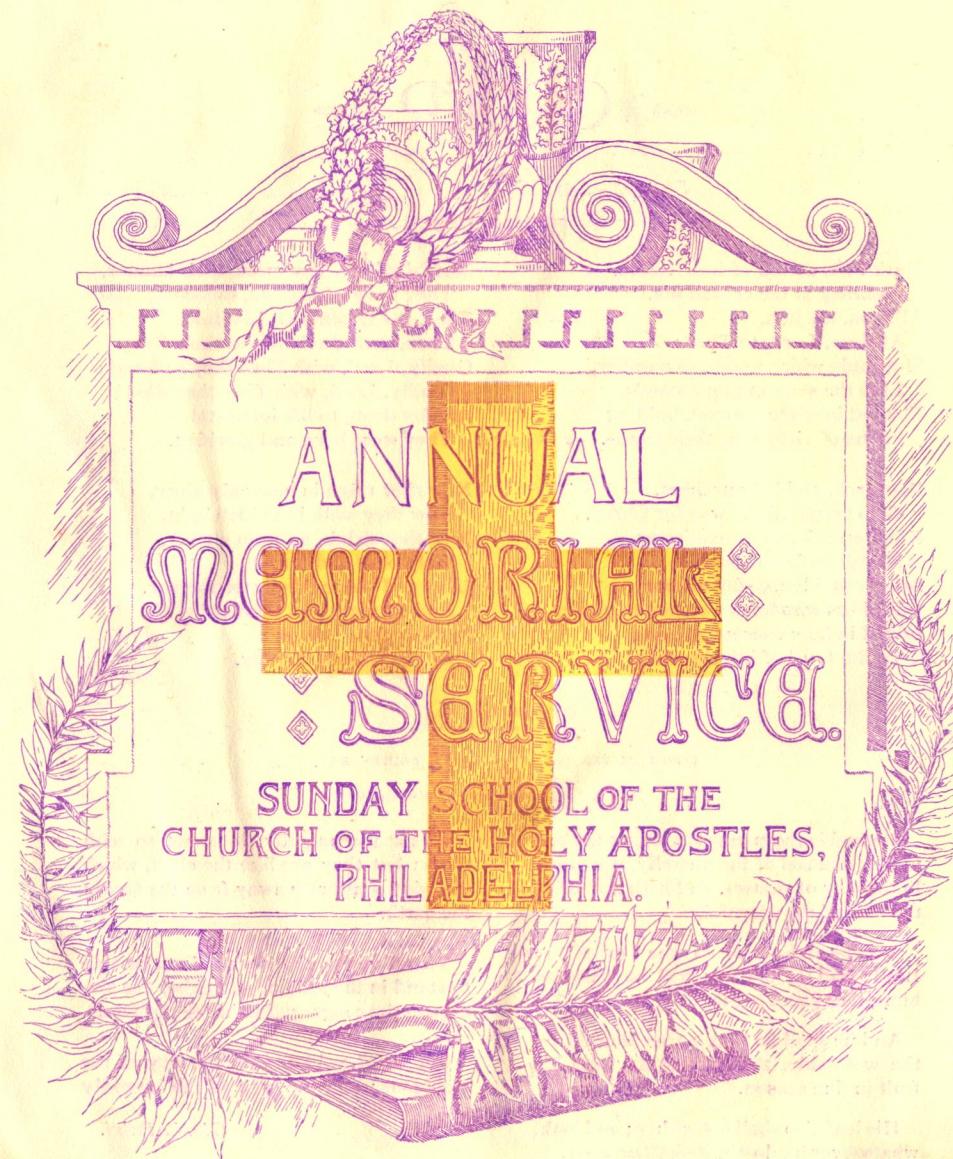
I heard the saints upraising,  
The myriad hosts among,  
In praise of Him who died and lives,  
Their one glad triumph-song.

I saw the holy city,  
The New Jerusalem,  
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned  
With jewelled diadem;  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street;  
And nations brought their honors there,  
And laid them at her feet.

### COLLECTS FROM THE ORDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD



### BENEDICTION



### ALL SAINTS' DAY

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1 '96

# ORDER



## HYMN 179

Hark ! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee :  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel, holding  
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist ;  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

## SELECTION

(FROM PROPER PSALMS FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY)

### Psalm I. *Beatus vir qui non abiit*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked  
in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood  
in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in  
the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the  
Lord ; and in his law will he exercise  
himself day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by  
the waterside, that will bring forth his  
fruit in due season.

His leaf also shall not wither ; and look,  
whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.

Marching with Thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite :  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

*Amen.*

As for the ungodly, it is not so with  
them ; but they are like the chaff, which  
the wind scattereth away from the face of  
the earth.

Therefore the ungodly shall not be able  
to stand in the judgment, neither the sin-  
ners in the congregation of the righteous.

But the Lord knoweth the way of the  
righteous ; and the way of the ungodly  
shall perish.

*Gloria Patri.*

## Psalm XV. *Domine, quis habitat?*

Lord, who shall dwell in thy taber-  
nacle ? or who shall rest upon thy holy  
hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life,  
and doeth the thing which is right, and  
speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his  
tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor,  
and hath not slandered his neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is  
lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much  
of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor,  
and disappointeth him not, though it were  
to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon  
usury, nor taken reward against the in-  
nocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never  
fail.

*Gloria Patri.*

## CREED



## COLLECT FOR THE DAY

## COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN

## THE LORD'S PRAYER



## HYMN 397

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,  
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones  
see !  
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones  
rest ;  
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and  
His throne ?  
What are the peace and the joy that they  
own ?  
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have  
share,  
All that they feel could as fully declare !

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
Vision of peace, that brings joy ever-  
more ;  
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
Nor the thing prayed for come short of  
the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can  
bring,  
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing ;

While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of  
praise,  
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is  
o'er,  
Those Sabbath-keepers have one ever-

more ;  
One and unending is that triumph-song  
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts  
raised on high,  
We for that country must yearn and must  
sigh ;  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's  
strand.

Low before Him with our praises we  
fall,  
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through  
Whom are all ;  
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom,  
the Son ;  
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them  
ever One.

*Amen.*

## MEMORIAL BOOK

\*\*\*\*\*

**ADDRESS**

\* \* \*

**HYMN**

GOD of our fathers, Whose almighty hand  
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
Of shining worlds in splendor through the  
skies,  
Our grateful songs before Thy throne  
arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast ;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and  
stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen  
way.

\* \* \*

**ADDRESS**

\* \* \*

**Offertory for the Episcopal Hospital**

"All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

\* \* \*

**HYMN**

We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be ;  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

O ! hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

\* \* \*

**BENEDICTION**

\*\*\*\*\*

**Sunday Schools and Bible Classes**  
OF THE  
**Church of the Holy Apostles**



**Sunday, November 22, 1896**

Preceding Thanksgiving Day

## Order of Exercises

### HYMN. "Lord of the Harvest"

Lord of the Harvest ! Thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
The varying seasons haste their round ;  
With goodness all our years are crowned.

When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear.

Lord of the Harvest ! all is Thine ;  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound.

Amen.

### DOXOLOGY

### LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

### SELECTION



### PSALM 147

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing  
to sing praises unto our God ; yea, a joyful  
and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, and  
gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in  
heart, and giveth medicine to heal their  
sickness.

He telleth the number of the stars, and  
 calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord and great is his  
power ; yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

The Lord setteth up the meek, and  
 bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

O sing unto the Lord with thanks-  
 giving ; sing praises upon the harp unto  
 our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds,  
 and prepareth rain for the earth ; and  
 maketh the grass to grow upon the moun-  
 tains, and herb for the use of men ;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle, and  
 feedeth the young ravens that call upon  
 him.

He hath no pleasure in the strength of  
 an horse ; neither delighteth he in any  
 man's legs.

But the Lord's delight is in them that  
 fear him, and put their trust in his  
 mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; praise  
 thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy  
 gates, and hath blessed thy children  
 within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and  
 filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment

upon earth, and his word runneth very  
 swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool, and scatter-  
 eth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels ;  
 who is able to abide his frost ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth  
 them ; he bloweth with his wind, and the  
 waters flow.

He showeth his word unto Jacob, his  
 statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation ;  
 neither have the heathen knowledge of  
 his laws.

### GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

### LESSON

### BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

### CREED AND COLLECTS

### HYMN

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home :  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin ;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come, to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear :  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest-home ;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide :  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Amen.

# Musical and Literary Entertainment

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE PARISH CHAPTER  
BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW, YOUNG WOMEN'S  
GUILD, THE FORUM, AND THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

—IN THE—

## SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING

—OF THE—

Church of the Holy Apostles, 21st and Christian Streets  
Thursday Evening, December 17, 1896,

EIGHT O'CLOCK.



THE HAYDN QUARTETTE { MR. RICHARD L. WEAVER, Mandolin.  
                          { MR. EDWARD PFEIFFER, Mandolin.  
                          { MISS ANNA C. BATEMAN, Mandola.  
                          { MISS HELEN BEATRICE REED, Harp.  
MISS S. MAE THOMAS, Elocutionist.  
MISS ANTONIA GREBE, Violin.  
MISS MARY BRADSHAW, Soprano.  
MISS JENNIE S. BOND, Accompanist.  
MISS MAY PORTER, Accompanist.  
ORCHESTRA.



## PROGRAMME

### PART ONE

1 OVERTURE, "Poet and Peasant,"	Suppe
2 VIOLIN SOLO, { a "Schlummerlied,"	Hille
{ b "In der Sckenke,"	
3 RECITATION, . . . . .	
4 { a WALTZ, "Sweet Memories," . . . . .	Weaver
{ b INTERMEZZO, "Cavalleria Rusticana," . . . . .	Mascagni
5 SOPRANO SOLO, "Angels Serenade," . . . . .	Braga
	(With violin obligato.)
6. RECITATION. . . . .	

### PART TWO

1 OVERTURE . . . . .	
2 { a "Narcissus," . . . . .	Nevin
{ b 'Rastus on Parade,' . . . . .	Mills
3 VIOLIN SOLO. . . . .	
4 RECITATION . . . . .	
WALTZ, "Danse des Fees," . . . . .	Alvars
WELSH AIR, . . . . .	
6 SOPRANO SOLO, "O. Holy Night." . . . . .	Adams
	(With violin, organ and harp accompaniment.)
7 { a Selections from "El Capitan," . . . . .	Sousa
{ b MARCH, "The Belle of the Season," . . . . .	Bratton

# Musical and Literary Entertainment

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE PARISH CHAPTER  
BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.....

—IN THE—

## SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING

—OF THE—

Church of the Holy Apostles, 21st and Christian Streets  
Monday Evening, February 10, 1896,

EIGHT O'CLOCK.



MISS KATHARINE D. SHEAIN, Soprano.

MISS JULIA PLANTHOLZ, Contralto.

MR. NEWTON S. KNORR, Baritone.

MISS J. FLORENCE GILLEN, Violinist.

MISS HELEN MAR WILSON, Reader.

SIGNOR F. CORTESE, Harpist.

MISS JENNIE S. BOND, Accompanist.

MISS MAY PORTER, Accompanist.



## PROGRAMME

### PART ONE.

1 DUET, "With the Stream," . . . . .	Tours.
2 BARITONE SOLO, "The Bugler," . . . . .	Pinsuti.
3 READING, "Me and Kip Elbert," . . . . .	Stanton.
4 HARP SOLO, Selected, . . . . .	
5 SOPRANO SOLO { a "The Way of the World," . . . . . { b "Lullaby," . . . . .	Ludds. Dennee.
6 VIOLIN SOLO, "Scotch Air," (Varie.) . . . . .	Farmer.

### PART TWO.

1 HARP SOLO, Selected, . . . . .	
2 READING, "The Young Hero," . . . . .	Wilkins.
3 CONTRALTO SOLO, "The Children's Home," . . . . .	Cowen.
4 READING, Selected, . . . . .	
5 VIOLIN SOLO { a "Serenade," . . . . . { b "Pizzicatti," . . . . .	Bohm. Delibes.
6 TRIO "Flower Greeting," . . . . .	Cushman.

FEMALE VOICES.

ADDRESS

By Major Moses Veale

Staff Officer on the Staff of Major General John W. Geary

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE

My country ! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
    Of thee I sing ;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride !  
From every mountain side  
    Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
    Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees—  
    Sweet freedom's song.  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God ! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To Thee we sing :  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King !

BENEDICTION

Sunday School, Church  
of the Holy Apostles



Special Exercises Appropriate to Memorial Day

May 30, 1897



## ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

### Prayer by the Rector

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming!  
Whose broad Stripes and bright Stars thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the shells bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there.  
Oh! say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

CHORUS: Oh! say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes—  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;  
And the Star-spangled Banner, Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

CHORUS.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country shall leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
CHORUS.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserves us a Nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: In God is our trust;  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
CHORUS.

### A Few Words by the Superintendent

Quartette—Miss Bradshaw, Miss Bailey, Mr. Bishop and Mr. Burt

### REST! PEACEFULLY REST

Rest, peacefully rest, ye heroes of glory,  
Rest, peacefully rest, renowned in song and story.  
We bring to-day sweet flowers, from nature's sylvan bowers,  
A loving, fond bequest. Rest, peacefully rest.  
Rest, peacefully rest, the din of strife is ended;  
Rest, peacefully rest, for love and peace are blended.  
We honor thus the brave, and scatter o'er each grave  
Sweet flow'rs, by love's hand blest. Rest, peacefully rest.

# FIRST ENTERTAINMENT OF THE OLYMPIAN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,

*Twenty-first and Christian Streets.*

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 17TH, 1897.

## PROGRAMME

### PART ONE.

Orchestra.	- - - - -	Selected.
2. Vocal Solo,	<i>Before and After Taking.</i>	<i>Mr. Geo. S. Garrett.</i>
3. Violin Solo,	Selected	<i>Mr. John P. Lower.</i>
4. Humorist,		<i>Mr. Edward J. O'Keefe.</i>
	<i>Mr. Thomas A. Harper, Accompanist.</i>	
5. Dialogue,		Selected.
6. Phonograph,	<i>Manipulated by Mr. Joseph L. Bailey.</i>	
7. Phantom Song,	<i>Tenors. Joseph L. Bailey and Arthur Dale, Bass. W. C. Burt and I. Wallace, Soprano, Master Willie B. Neill.</i>	

### PART TWO.

1. Orchestra,	- - - - -	Selected.
2. Gymnastic Work on Parallel Bars,		<i>Messrs. Bailey, Smith, Carmint, Jones, Buckingham and Green.</i>
3. Humorist Monologue,		<i>Edward J. O'Keefe.</i>
	<i>Mr. Thomas A. Harper, Accompanist.</i>	
4. Sketch,	<i>Geo. Garrett at</i>	<i>Garde Jr., Not at Home.</i>
5. Phonograph		<i>Manipulated by Mr. Joseph L. Bailey.</i>
6. Recitation,	Selected.	<i>Daniel Green.</i>
7. Orchestra,		<i>Selected.</i>

FIRST.....

PROGRAMME....

... ANNUAL

CONCERT..

# HOLY APOSTLES' ORCHESTRA

Twenty-First and Christian Streets,

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 20th, 1897.

FRED. MATHERS

CONCERT MASTER

JOHN P. LOWER

DIRECTOR



1. MARCH—Fairhill Wheelmen . . . . . Wilsky  
2. OVERTURE—Silver Bell . . . . . Schlepegrell  
3. BASS SOLO—Happy Days . . . . . Sterlitsky  
MR. WALTER C. BURT

4. SELECTION—The Lady Slavey . . . . . Kerker  
5. WALTZ—Espanita . . . . . Rosey  
6. SOPRANO SOLO—Life's Lullaby . . . . . Lane  
MISS MARY E. BRADSHAW

7. MEDLEY OVERTURE—Mother was a Lady . . . . . Recker  
8. WALTZ—Wizard of the Nile . . . . . Herbert  
9. VIOLIN SOLO—Air Varie . . . . . De Beriot  
MR. JOHN P. LOWER

10. MARCH—Ben Hur Chariot Race . . . . . Paull

COLLECT FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST  
SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

+

Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

# First Special Musical Service

SUNDAY EVENING

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1901

(Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity)



Church of the Holy Apostles  
Philadelphia

“The Twenty-third Psalm”—*Schubert*  
“First Part of the Holy City”—*Gaul*

## ORGAN RECITAL

7.30 P. M.

By MAY PORTER, Mus. Bac.

Grand Offertoire de Cecelia No. 2	<i>Batiste</i>
Ballade Pathetique	<i>Dr. W. Hinkle</i>
AFTER RECESSIONAL	
Finale in D	<i>J. Lemmens</i>

## PROCESSIONAL HYMN 509

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last. *Amen.*

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

## GENERAL CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION

## LORD'S PRAYER, VERSICLES

## NINTH SELECTION OF PSALMS

### PSALM 72

Give the King thy judgments, O God: and  
thy righteousness unto the King's son.

Then shall he judge thy people according  
unto right: and defend the poor.

The mountains also shall bring peace: and  
the little hills righteousness unto the people.

He shall keep the simple folk by their right:  
defend the children of the poor, and punish the  
wrong doer.

They shall fear thee, as long as the sun  
and moon endureth: from one generation to  
another.

He shall come down like the rain into a  
fleece of wool: even as the drops that water  
the earth.

In his time shall the righteous flourish: yea,  
and abundance of peace, so long as the moon  
endureth.

His dominion shall be also from the one sea  
to the other: and from the flood unto the world's  
end.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall  
kneel before him: his enemies shall lick the  
dust.

The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall  
give presents: the kings of Arabia and Saba  
shall bring gifts.

All kings shall fall down before him: all  
nations shall do him service.

For he shall deliver the poor when he  
crieth: the needy also, and him that hath no  
helper.

He shall be favorable to the simple and  
needy: and shall preserve the souls of the  
poor.

He shall deliver their souls from falsehood  
and wrong: and dear shall their blood be in  
his sight.

He shall live, and unto him shall be given  
of the gold of Arabia: prayer shall be made  
ever unto him, and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be an heap of corn in the earth,  
high upon the hills: his fruit shall shake like  
Libanus, and shall be green in the city like grass  
upon the earth.

His Name shall endure for ever: his Name  
shall remain under the sun among the posterities:  
which shall be blessed through him; and  
all the heathen shall praise him.

Blessed be the Lord God, even the God of  
Israel: which only doeth wondrous things;

And blessed be the Name of his majesty for  
ever: and all the earth shall be filled with his  
majesty.

*Gloria Patri.*

## PSALM 96

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise his Name: be telling of his salvation from day to day.

Declare his honor unto the heathen: and his wonders unto all people.

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised: he is more to be feared than all gods.

As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols: but it is the Lord that made the heavens.

Glory and worship are before him: power and honor are in his sanctuary.

Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people: ascribe unto the Lord worship and power.

Ascribe unto the Lord the honor due unto his Name: bring presents, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King: and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

*Gloria Patri.*

## FIRST LESSON. 2 KINGS 5

### BONUM EST CONFITERI

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most Highest:

To tell of thy loving-kindness early in the morning: and of thy truth in the night season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon

the lute: upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

*Gloria Patri.*

## SECOND LESSON. 2 ST. PETER 3

### BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, praise his holy Name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thy sin: and healeth all thine infirmities;

Who saith thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that

excel in strength; ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion: praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

*Gloria Patri.*

## CREED AND COLLECTS

### HYMN 582

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross!  
Lift high His royal banner!  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead;  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey!  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day!  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes!  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone!  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there!

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long!  
This day, the noise of battle;  
The next, the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally. *Amen.*

## ADDRESS

## OFFERINGS FOR THE PARISH

### ANTHEM (Solo)—“Then Shall the Righteous Shine forth”

*Mendelssohn*

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.—Matthew xiii 43; Isaiah li. 11.

## PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

### KNEELING HYMN

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears. *Amen.*

### SOLO (Harp)—“Angel of Peace” . . . . .

*Oberthur*

### The Lord is my Shepherd

Chorus for Female Voices

with

Harp and Organ Accompaniment

*Franz Schubert*

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to rest in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters. He giveth peace unto my soul; He leadeth me in paths of goodness for His Name's sake. Yea though I walk thro' Death's dark vale of shadows no evil will I fear: for Thou art still with me. Thy rod and staff they comfort me. Thou preparest here a table for me, in presence of mine enemies: my head with oil Thou anointest; my cup runneth over. Yea surely peace and mercy all my life shall follow me: and I will dwell with God for ever more.

# THE HOLY CITY

## PART I

### CONTEMPLATION

#### Introduction (Instrumental)

##### CHORUS.

No shadows yonder!  
All light and song!  
Each day I wonder,  
And say, "How long  
Shall time me sunder  
From that dear throng?"

##### SOLO.—*Tenor.*

No weeping yonder!  
All fled away!  
While here I wander  
Each weary day,  
And sigh as I ponder  
My long, long stay.

#### QUARTETTE (UNACCOMPANIED).

No partings yonder!  
Time and space never  
Again shall sunder.  
Hearts cannot sever  
Dearer and fonder,  
Hands clasp forever.

##### CHORUS.

None wanting yonder!  
Bought by the Lamb,  
All gathered under  
The evergreen palm;  
Loud as night's thunder  
Ascends the glad psalm.

—*Bonar.*

##### AIR.—*Tenor.*

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God; when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night while they daily say unto me, where is now thy God?  
*Ps. xlvi. 2, 3.*

O bring thou me out of my trouble.

*Ps. xxv. 17.*

#### TRIO (UNACCOMPANIED).

*Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano and Contralto.*

It shall come to pass that at eventide it shall be light.  
*Zech. xiv. 7.*

And sorrow and sighing shall be no more.  
*Isa. xxxv. 10.*

For the former things have passed away.  
*Rev. xxi. 4.*

##### CHORUS.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy: he that now goeth weeping shall come again rejoicing.  
*Ps. cxxvi. 6, 7.*

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world, through Him, might be saved.

*St. John iii. 16, 17.*

*I. John iv. 8.*

##### AIR.—*Contralto.*

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.  
*I. Cor. ii. 9.*

For He hath prepared for them a city, whose builder and maker is God.  
*Heb. xi. 10.*

There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.

Therefore fear lest any come short of it.

*Heb. iv. 9, 1.*

##### CHORUS.

###### *Treble and Alto Voices.*

For thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love and life and rest.

###### *Tenor and Bass Voices.*

O one, O only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise,  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

###### *Full Choir.*

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.

*Neale.*

##### CHORUS.

Thine is the Kingdom, for ever and ever.

*Matt. vi. 13.*

I have looked for Thee, that I might behold  
Thy power and glory.  
*Ps. lxviii. 3.*

## RECESSATIONAL HYMN 520

Rejoice, ye pure in heart!  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King!

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek;  
Raise high your free, exultant song!  
God's wondrous praises speak!

With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints of earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth!

Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud!  
Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud,

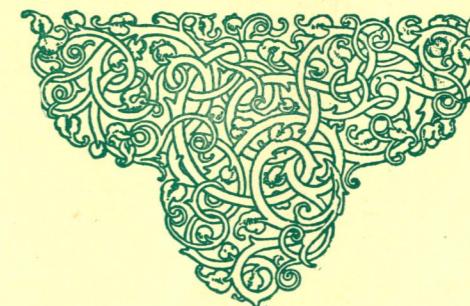
Yes, on through life's long path!  
Still chanting as ye go;  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high!  
Still march in firm array!  
As warriors through the darkness toil,  
Till dawns the golden day!

At last the march shall end!  
The wearied ones shall rest;  
The pilgrims find their father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart!  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King! *Amen.*

*J. Lemmens*



Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent

O Lord, raise up, we pray Thee, Thy power, and come among us, and with great might succour us ; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, Thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us ; through the satisfaction of Thy Son our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

Church of the Holy Apostles  
Philadelphia

Third Special Musical Service

Sunday Evening  
December Twenty-first  
1902

(The Fourth Sunday in Advent)

"Blessed are they who Watch"

Cantata for Advent

The words selected from Holy Scripture

Music composed by Hugh Blair, B. A., Mus. Bac. Cantab.

"O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings"

Handel

## PROCESSIONAL HYMN 39

Lo, He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for our salvation slain;  
Thousand angel-hosts attending  
Swell the triumph of His train :  
Alleluia!  
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear :  
All His saints, by men rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air :  
Alleluia !  
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne ;  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :  
Alleluia !  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. *Amen.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

### PSALM 102

Hear my prayer, O Lord : and let my crying come unto Thee.

Hide not Thy face from me in the time of my trouble : incline Thine ear unto me when I call : O hear me, and that right soon.

For my days are consumed away like smoke : and my bones are burnt up as it were a firebrand.

My heart is smitten down, and withered like grass : so that I forget to eat my bread.

For the voice of my groaning : my bones will scarce cleave to my flesh.

I am become like a pelican in the wilderness : and like an owl that is in the desert.

I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow : that sitteth alone upon the housetop.

Mine enemies revile me all the day long : and they that are mad upon me are sworn together against me.

For I have eaten ashes as it were bread : and mingled my drink with weeping ;

And that, because of Thine indignation and wrath : for Thou hast taken me up and cast me down. My days are gone like a shadow : and I am withered like grass.

But Thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever : and Thy remembrance throughout all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Sion : for it is time that Thou have mercy upon her, yea, the time is come.

And why ? Thy servants think upon her stones : and it pitith them to see her in the dust.

The heathen shall fear Thy name, O Lord : and all the kings of the earth Thy majesty ;

When the Lord shall build up Sion : and when His glory shall appear ;

When He turneth Him unto the prayer of the poor destitute : and despiseth not their desire.

This shall be written for those that come after : and the people which shall be born shall praise the Lord.

For He hath looked down from His sanctuary : out of the heaven did the Lord behold the earth ;

That He might hear the mournings of such as are in captivity : and deliver the children appointed unto death ;

That they may declare the name of the Lord in Zion : and His worship at Jerusalem ;

When the people are gathered together : and the kingdoms also, to serve the Lord.

He brought down my strength in my journey : and shortened my days.

But I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of mine age : as for Thy years, they endure throughout all generations.

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth : and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure : they all shall wax old as doth a garment.

And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed : but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.

The children of Thy servants shall continue : and their seed shall stand fast in Thy sight.

*Gloria Patri*

## THE CREED AND COLLECTS

### HYMN 47

Hark ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long :  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim :  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name. *Amen.*

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day,

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure :  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

### CANTATA

#### "BLESSED ARE THEY WHO WATCH"

CHORUS—"Blessed are they"

Blessed are they whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.  
They shall enter into Life Eternal, they shall be His people and God Himself shall be with them, and shall be their God.

## ADDRESS BY RT. REV. WILLIAM HALL MORELAND, D.D. Bishop of Sacramento

### ANTHEM—Alto Solo. Recitative

Isaiah 7. 14

Behold ! A virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel ; God with us.

### AIR—Alto Solo. "O Thou That Tellest"

Isaiah 40: 9; 40: 1

O Thou that tellest geod tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain : O Thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up Thy voice with strength ; lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God !

Arise, shine, for Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee,

### SOLO—Soprano

Come unto Him all ye that labour. Come unto Him, ye that are heavy laden, and He will give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—*St. Matthew xi, 28, 29.*

### OFFERINGS FOR THE PARISH

All things come of Thee, O Lord : and of Thine own have we given Thee. *Amen.*

### HYMN 186

(To be sung by the choir and congregation)

Ye servants of the Lord,  
Each in your office, wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame ;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near ;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he  
In such a posture found ;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned. *Amen.*

### SOLO—SOPRANO

"Sorrow not for those that sleep"

Sorrow not for those that sleep, even as others which have no hope.  
If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

CHORUS—"Behold the hour cometh"

Behold the hour cometh when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.

For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and the trumpet of God.

Awake and sing, ye that sleep in the dust. Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise ; and the earth shall cast out the dead.

## HYMN 43

(To be sung by the choir and congregation)

Rejoice, rejoice, believers!  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
The darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He will draw nigh;  
Up! pray and watch, and wrestle!  
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With alleluias clear.

O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until in songs of triumph  
Ye meet the angel choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesu, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee. *Amen.*

CHORUS—"The world passeth away"

The world passeth away and the lust thereof. But he that doeth the will of the Lord abideth forever.

SOLO—SOPRANO AND CHORUS

"I will give unto Him"

I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the Water of Life freely; he that overcometh shall inherit all things. I will be his God, and he shall be My son.

CHORUS—"Now is come salvation"

Now is come salvation, and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

KNEELING HYMN

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears. *Amen.*

## RECESSATIONAL HYMN 37

Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated!  
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing:  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,  
Thy boundless love declaring;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing.  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him. *Amen.*





\*\*\*\*\*  
THE COLLECT FOR THE SECOND  
SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY  
  
✠

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth ; mercifully hear the supplications of Thy people, and grant us Thy peace all the days of our life ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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## FOURTH SPECIAL MUSICAL SERVICE

Sunday Evening, January Nineteenth

Nineteen-Hundred-and-Two

(Second Sunday after the Epiphany)



Church of the Holy Apostles  
PHILADELPHIA

“The Twenty-third Psalm”—*Schubert*

“Hear my Prayer”—*Mendelssohn*



## ORDER OF SERVICE

### ORGAN RECITAL, 7.30 o'clock

By MAY PORTER, Mus. Bac.

+

GRAND CHOEUR IN B FLAT . . .	<i>T. Dubois</i>
CANTILENA NUPTIALE . . .	<i>T. Dubois</i>
DIE ANTWORT (The Answer) . . .	<i>W. Wolstenholme</i>
After Recessional	
CORONATION MARCH, "Le Prophet" . . .	<i>Meyerbeer</i>

### PROCESSIONAL HYMN 490

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Sion, city of our God ;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever will their thirst assuage ?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the clouds and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from their banner,  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'Tis His love His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings :  
And as priests His solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.  
*Amen.*

### A GENERAL CONFESSION AND THE ABSOLUTION

### THE LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

## NINETEENTH SELECTION OF PSALMS

### PSALM 147

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God : yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart : and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

He telleth the number of the stars : and calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and great is his power : yea, and his wisdom is infinite.

The Lord setteth up the meek : and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground.

O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving : sing praises upon the harp unto our God :

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men ;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle : and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse : neither delighteth he in any man's legs.

But the Lord's delight is in them that fear him : and put their trust in his mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates : and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders : and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth : and his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who is able to abide his frost ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob : his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

*Gloria Patri*

### FIRST LESSON. ISAIAH 52 TO V. 13

### BONUM EST CONFITERI

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the | Lord : and to sing praises unto thy | Name . = | O Most | Highest ;

To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning : and of thy truth | in the | night . = | season ;

Upon an instrument of ten strings \* and up | on the | lute : upon a loud instrument | and up | on the | harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end . = | A . = | men,

### SECOND LESSON. FIRST CORINTHIANS, 3

### BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

Praise the Lord | O my | soul : and all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

Praise the Lord | O my | soul : and for | get not | all his | benefits :

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin : and healeth | all . = | thine in | firmities ;

Who saveth thy life | from de | struction : and crowneth thee with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

O praise the Lord ye angels of his \* yé that ex | cel in | strength : ye that fulfill his

commandment \* and hearken unto the | voice · = | of his | word.

O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts : ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his \* in all pláces of | his do | minion : praise thou the | Lord . = | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end . = | A . = | men.

### HYMN 253

Fling out the banner ! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;  
The sun that lights its shining folds,  
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner ! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign ;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner ! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner ! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross ;  
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the banner ! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;  
We conquer only in that sign.

*Amen..*

### ADDRESS

By the REV. C. ROWLAND HIRR

OFFERINGS FOR THE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

ANTHEM—"O Zion that bringest good tidings" . *Sir John Stainer*

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.  
O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain.  
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength ; be not afraid ; say  
to the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

PASTORALE

O that Birth forever blessed, When the Virgin, full of grace, By the Holy Ghost con-  
ceiving, Bare the Saviour of our race. And the Babe, the world's Redeemer, First revealed  
His sacred face, Evermore and evermore.

Of that Father's love begotten, Ere the worlds began to be. He is Alpha and Omega, He  
the source, the ending He. Of the things that are, that have been and that future years shall  
see, Evermore and evermore.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

KNEELING HYMN

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.—*Amen*

SOLO (Harp)—"The Evening Shadows Fall" . . . . . *Obertur*

ANTHEM—"The Lord is my Shepherd" . . . . . *Franz Schubert*

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to rest in green pastures ; He  
leadeth me beside still waters. He giveth peace unto my soul ; He leadeth me in paths of good-  
ness for His Name's sake. Yea though I walk thro' Death's dark vale of shadows no evil will I  
fear : for Thou art still with me. Thy rod and staff they comfort me. Thou preparest here a  
table for me, in presence of mine enemies ; mine head with oil Thou anointest ; my cup runneth  
over. Yea surely peace and mercy all my life shall follow me : and I will dwell with God for  
ever more.

ANTHEM—"Hear my Prayer" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Hear my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear ! Thyself from my petition do not hide. Take  
heed to me ! Hear how in prayer I mourn to Thee. Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide.  
The enemy shouteth, the godless come fast ! Iniquity, hatred, upon me they cast ! The wicked  
oppress me, ah ! where shall I fly ? Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry.  
My heart is sorely pained within my breast, my soul with deathly terror is oppressed ;  
trembling and fearfulness upon me fall. With horror overwhelm'd, Lord, hear me call.  
O for the wings, for the wings of a dove ! Far away would I rove ; in the wilderness build  
me a nest, and remain there forever at rest.

RECESSATIONAL

HYMN 522

On our way rejoicing,  
As we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises,  
O Thou God of love !  
Is there grief or sadness ?  
Thine it cannot be !  
Is our sky beclouded ?  
Clouds are not from Thee !

On our way rejoicing,  
As we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises,  
O Thou God of love !

If with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us  
Doing what we can.  
Thou who giv'st the seed-time  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessings,  
Fill the heart with peace.  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go ;  
Conquered hath our leader !  
Vanquished is our foe !  
Christ without, our safety ;  
Christ within, our joy !  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy ?  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing ;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring ;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore !  
On our way rejoicing, etc.

*Amen.*

CORONATION MARCH—"Le Prophet" . . . . . *Meyerbeer*



## SUNDAY SCHOOL

### HYMN 196—"Our Fathers' God! To Thee"

OUR Fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,

To Thee we sing :

Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King !

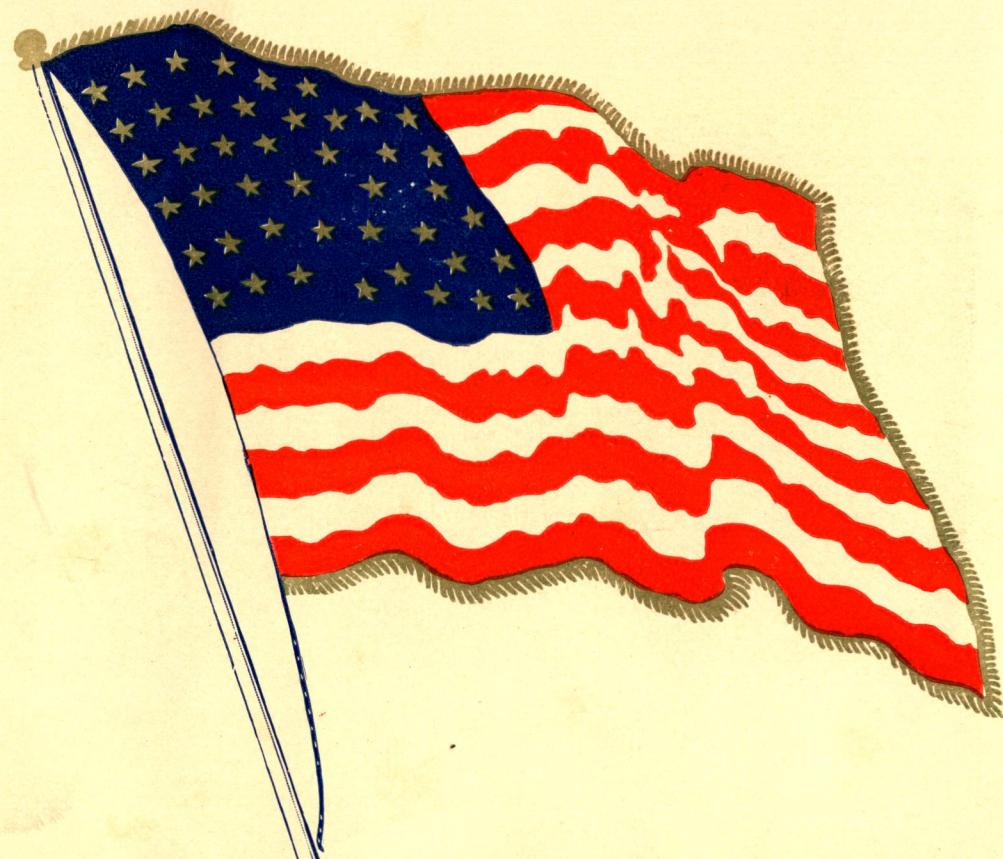
Bless Thou our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night ;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies ;  
On Him we wait ;  
Thou Who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the state ! Amen.

### BENEDICTION

# Church of the Holy Apostles

PHILADELPHIA



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

June 1, 1902

Special Service appropriate to Memorial Day

# Order of Service

## HYMN 197—"O Lord of Hosts"

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!  
Behold the sacrifice we bring :  
To every arm Thy strength impart ;  
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breast the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our nation free ;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee ! Amen.

## DOXOLOGY

## PRAYER

## HYMN 521—"Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow"

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.  
Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.  
  
One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread ;  
  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.  
  
One, the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun :  
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.  
  
Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers !  
Onward, with the Cross our aid !  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade !  
Soon shall come the great awaking ;  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom ! Amen.

## ADDRESS—By COL. THEODORE E. WIEDERSHEIM

Commander of the Veteran Corps, First Regiment, N. G. P.

## HYMN 176—"For all the Saints, Who from Their Labors Rest"

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might :  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true light.

Alleluia.

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of glory passes on his way.

Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia. Amen.

## CLOSING PRAYER

SERMON BY THE RECTOR

HYMN 545

Golden harps are sounding,  
Angel voices sing,  
Pearly gates are opened,  
Opened for the King;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Jesus, King of love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

He Who came to save us,  
He Who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory,  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Is gone up on high!  
All His work, etc.

Pleading for His children  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work, etc. *Amen.*

OFFERINGS

ANTHEM—*Hallelujah Chorus*

Rev. xix : 6; xi : 15; xix : 16

HANDEL

Hallelujah! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.  
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ.  
And He shall reign for ever and ever; King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

KNEELING HYMN

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears. *Amen.*

RECESSATIONAL HYMN 450

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call:  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Before Him prostrate fall!  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all! *Amen.*

Church of the Holy Apostles  
Philadelphia



ANNUAL SERVICE FOR  
THE CHARLES D. COOPER BATTALION

Ascension Day

May 8, 1902



Evening Prayer

## Order of Service

### Singing by the United Choirs of the Church and Memorial Chapel

#### PROCESSIONAL HYMN 514

We march, we march to victory!  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,  
In reverent train to meet Him;  
And we put to flight the armies of night,  
That the sons of the day may greet Him.  
We march, we march, etc.

Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet is His salvation,  
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword, the Incarnation.  
We march, we march, etc.

And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Sion;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron.

We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory!  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

Amen.

#### LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

#### PROPER PSALMS FOR THE EVENING OF ASCENSION DAY 24, 47, 108

##### PSALM 24

The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is : the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas : and prepared it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord : or who shall rise up in his holy place ?

Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbor.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord : and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him : even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory : It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates : and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory : Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Gloria Patri.

##### PSALM 47

O clap your hands together, all ye people : O sing unto God with the voice of melody.

For the Lord is high, and to be feared : he is the great King upon all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us : and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose out an heritage for us : even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.

God is gone up with a merry noise : and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

O sing praises, sing praises unto our God : O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.

For God is the King of all the earth : sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen : God sitteth upon his holy seat.

The princes of the people are joined unto the people of the God of Abraham : for God, which is very high exalted, doth defend the earth, as it were with a shield.

Gloria Patri.

##### PSALM 108

O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready : I will sing, and give praise with the best member that I have.

Awake, thou lute and harp : I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people : I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is greater than the heavens : and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.

Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens : and thy glory above all the earth ;

That thy beloved may be delivered : let thy right hand save them, and hear thou me.

God hath spoken in his holiness : I will rejoice

therefore, and divide Sichem, and mete out the valley of Succoth.

Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine : Ephraim also is the strength of my head ;

Judah is my lawgiver ; Moab is my wash pot : over Edom will I cast out my shoe ; upon Philistia will I triumph.

Who will lead me into the strong city : and who will bring me into Edom ?

Hast thou not forsaken us, O God : and wilt not thou, O God, go forth with our hosts ?

O help us against the enemy : for vain is the help of man.

Through God we shall do great acts : and it is he that shall tread down our enemies.

*Gloria Patri.*

##### FIRST LESSON—Daniel 7: 9-15

##### MAGNIFICAT

My soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded : the lowliness of his hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm : he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever.

*Gloria Patri.*

##### SECOND LESSON—Ephesians 4: 1-17

##### NUNC DIMITTIS

Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace : according to Thy word.

For mine eyes hath seen : Thy salvation,  
Which Thou hast prepared : before the face of all people.

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

*Gloria Patri.*

##### CREED, COLLECTS, ETC.

##### HYMN 374

Crown Him with many crowns.

The Lamb upon His throne ;

Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns

All music but its own :

Awake, my soul, and sing

Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy matchless King

Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God

Before the worlds began,

And ye who tread where He hath trod,

Crown Him the Son of Man ;

Who every grief hath known

That wrings the human breast,

And takes and bears them for His own,

That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,

Enthroned in worlds above ;

Crown Him the King, to Whom is given

The wondrous name of Love.

Crown Him with many crowns,

As thrones before Him fall,

Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,

For He is King of all.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,

Who triumphed o'er the grave,

And rose victorious in the strife

For those He came to save ;

His glories now we sing

Who died and rose on high,

Who died, eternal life to bring,

And lived that death may die.

Crown Him of lords the Lord,

Who over all doth reign,

Who once on earth the Incarnate Word,

For ransomed sinners slain,

Now lives in realms of light,

Where saints with angels sing

Their songs before Him day and night,

Their God, Redeemer, King.

Amen.

# Christmas Entertainment

OF THE

Sunday School, Church of the Holy Apostles

Cooper Battalion Hall and Gymnasium

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30, 1902

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## *Program*

### PART I.

SELECTION Boys' Mandolin and Guitar Club

LUBIN'S CINEOGRAPH Moving Pictures

CONTRALTO SOLO "Angels' Lullaby" Miss Plantholz

RECITATION Miss M. B. Roberts

SELECTION Holy Apostles Orchestra

## *Intermission*

### PART II.

SELECTION Boys' and Girls' Mandolin and Guitar Club

MONOLOGUE Mr. A. Howard Ritter

LUBIN'S CINEOGRAPH, closing with Illustrations of  
"The Holy City," with Soprano Solo by Miss Reese

RECITATION Mr. A. Howard Ritter

SELECTION Orchestra

# Church of the Holy Apostles

## 21st and Christian Streets

REV. WILSON R. STEARLY, Rector

# LENTEN ORGAN RECITAL

PLAYED BY

## MAY PORTER, Organist

ASSISTED BY

J. W. F. Leman, Violinist.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1910

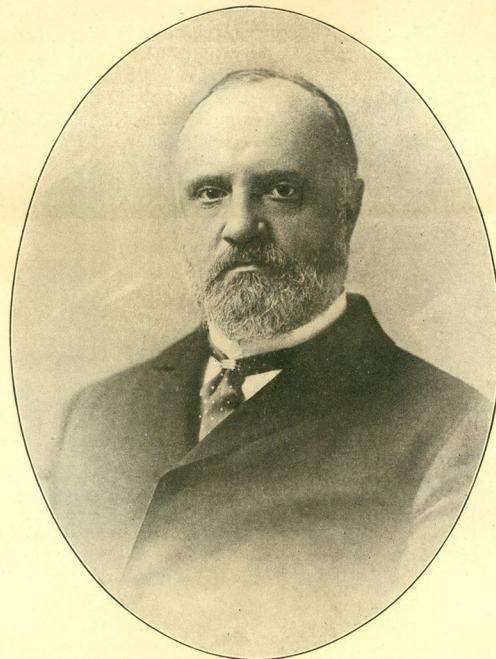
at 4.00 P. M.

## Program

1. Prayer ..... Callaerts
2. Overture for Organ and Violin..... Rheinberger
3. Toccata and Fugue in D minor..... Bach
4. "Easter Flowers" ..... Mailly
5. Violin Solos—
  - (a) Minuet ..... Beethoven
  - (b) Aria for G string..... Bach
  - (c) Serenade ..... Graf
6. (a) Pastorale ..... Guilmant
- (b) Funeral March and Chant of Seraphs,  
Guilmant

*"The steps of a good man are established by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way."*

*—Psalm 37: Verse 23.*



MR. GEORGE CLIFFORD THOMAS

PROGRAM  
FOR THE  
**First Annual Founder's Day**

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

TWENTY-FIRST AND CHRISTIAN STREETS

*October 29th., 1922*

## The Purpose of the Day

On October 28th, 1839, Mr. George C. Thomas was born. On April 21st, 1909, he entered into life eternal. In the years that lay between those dates he made for himself a name and place in the life of the Church such as no other layman has occupied. Under God he was the founder and upbuilder of this parish. Because of that, and because his life so well exemplifies the high qualities of Christian manhood, it is purposed through the years ahead to set apart the Sunday nearest his natal anniversary for special religious services and addresses commemorative of him. So shall the old keep fresh their memories and the youth be taught the goodness of their heritage. So shall we all learn ever anew to seek "the highway of the upright," for God shall "go with them that walk therein."

## A Symposium

"Like the Master Whom he loved, and in Whose footsteps he walked, Mr. Thomas went about doing good. Cultured and broad-minded, of wonderful business capacity and spotless integrity, modest and unassuming, he was an illustrious example of Christian manhood."

—*The Vestry of the Church of the Holy Apostles*

"Everything he did was done with the single-minded purpose of rendering to his Master the best he could give; his was the highest sense of stewardship which brought the largest increase to the talents which had been committed to his charge."

—*The Diocese of Pennsylvania*.

"It has never been my fortune to meet a man so fully imbued with a realization of setting a right and proper example in all things, nor one who so illustrates in his own life its power. He sought no supremacy other than the supremacy of distinguished service. He sought none other, but gained much more, including the supremacy of spiritual leadership and the supremacy of personal devotion unequalled—nay, unapproached."—*Bishop Thomas*.

"His life and work were sermons. I know of no better or more helpful American sermons. God be humbly thanked for the preacher whom He sent to us and for the sermons which he preached."—*Bishop Tuttle*.

"There was no more precious life in the Church than his, for he gave not money only, large and lavish as his gifts were, but the greater gift of himself."—*Bishop Doane*.

"He was loved and honored as few men are honored and loved, and that not merely because he was lavish in his giving, but because he so unreservedly gave that rarest of all gifts—himself. That is God's own way."

—*Dr. Huntington*.

"He was a rare and gifted soul, and everybody who knew him not only believed in and admired him, but loved him."—*Bishop Greer*.

"It is not every man who has his strong and common sense qualities, who can also win affection."—*Bishop Lawrence*.

"George Clifford Thomas! What an inspiration there is in that name! What wonderful and sterling example of Christian manhood and generosity!"—*Bishop Garland*.

"He had two great interests in the Church, interests so noble that it is hardly possible to conceive of any more so. He loved little children, and he saw in child-life the possibilities of the future. And then he had a world vision—a world vision that compelled him to throw his interests far afield, and to touch with his sympathy the uttermost parts of the earth."—*Bishop Brent*.

## The Program

HOLY COMMUNION, 9.00 A.M.

CORPORATE CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, 10.30 A.M.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN . . . . . 510  
INTROIT—"O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" . . . . . Knob

I was glad when they said unto me,  
We will go into the house of the Lord.  
Our feet shall stand in thy gates,  
O Jerusalem.  
O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.  
They shall prosper that love thee.  
Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness  
within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes,  
I will wish thee prosperity.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Ruleth over us for evermore.  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

HYMN FOR JUNIOR CHOIR . . . . . 500  
SERMON HYMN . . . . . 519  
SERMON BY THE RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND, D. D., . . . . . Bishop Suffragan of Pennsylvania

OFFERTORY ANTHEM—"Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth" . . . . . Gounod

Send out thy light and thy truth, let  
them lead me.  
And bring me to thy holy hill.  
O God, then will I go unto thy altar.  
On the harp we will praise thee,  
O Lord, our God!  
Why, O son, art thou sorrowful?  
And cast down within me?  
Still trust the lovingkindness of the God  
of thy strength:

COMMUNION HYMN, (Setting, Leonard M. Thomas) . . . . . 226  
RECESSATIONAL HYMN . . . . . 636

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES, 2.30 P.M.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. LLEWELLYN N. CALEY, D.D.

EVENING PRAYER, 4.15 P.M.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN . . . . . 311  
SOLO, "Gloria" . . . . . A. B. Peccia  
MARIE STONE LANGSTON, *Contralto*

"Glory O God who from the heaven above rulest supreme the world.  
Every flower feels the power of the budding April time. Every heart doth bear its part  
in praising Thee O Lord Divine.  
So the breeze on the seas neath a cloudless summer sky shows thy face reflected from  
the green bosom on the shore.  
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort thou art. From Thee must we borrow all solace  
for ever more. God is there, haste His mercy implore; all acclaim His great name Sovereign  
Lord for ever more.  
God is there, Glory Thou who art Lord of all; who to Thy power doth all mercy unite.  
Works of man endureth not, all perishest in a night. Thou forever reignest in thy  
splendor and majesty. Glory Thou who art Lord of all. God of love—God of might, God for ever!"

SERMON HYMN . . . . . 335  
ADDRESS BY MR. MORRIS EARLE

OFFERTORY ANTHEM, "Abide With Me," Hymn 12 . . . . . Biedermann  
RECESSATIONAL HYMN . . . . . 522

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE LEAGUE

DEVOTIONAL MEETING . . . . . 7.30 P.M.

ADDRESS BY MR. EDWARD J. CATTELL

NOTE.—The anthems and hymns used in the morning service are among those of which Mr. Thomas was especially fond.